McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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ERVINE COLE PASSED RAISED CHECK HERE

And Thereby Christian Herzog is the Loser About $45.00.

COLE ARRESTED, ADMITS HIS GUILT

He Was Remanded to Jail to Await Trial—Check Made by Joseph Chamberlain for Three Dollars, Raised to Fifty-Eight—It Was a Crude Job That Should Have Been Detected.

Irvine Cole, a young man who has been employed on Cole creek by Joseph Chamberlain, is now languishing in jail on the charge of raising a check given by Mr. Chamberlain for three dollars and some odd cents to fifty-eight dollars and the same number of cents, and Christian Herzog, who conducts a grist mill at the corner of Mechanic and Mill streets, is a loser to the tune of about $45.00.

Cole came to Smethport on Monday and made several attempts to get the check cashed by local merchants on Main street, after negotiating for small purchases, but was unsuccessful. Finally he went over to Herzog's grist mill between six and seven o'clock in the evening and got C. Herzog away from his supper to fill an order for some oats and feed. He purchased about $10 worth and presented the check for payment, saying that his team was in a livery stable and that he would call for it when he hitched up if Mr. Herzog would leave it outside the door. Cole got another check for about twenty-seven dollars in the change from Herzog and, after making one or two efforts to get that cashed on small purchases, went to H. W. Rubin's store and purchased a rubber coat and derby hat, where he got rid of the other check.

Tuesday morning Cole went to Olean and while at Larabee purchased a watch from a peddler at the station. He then went to Bradford and purchased a ticket for Oneonta, N. Y., and was on the train when a Bradford police officer apprehended him, at the instance of County Detective E. W. Jones, and placed him under arrest. Detective Jones, who had been put on his trail brought him over from Bradford Wednesday morning and at the hearing before Justice R. C. Gleason, Cole admitted his guilt and was held for trial.

Cole is a young man about 25 years of age and does not appear like a hardened criminal, although he made rather light of his crime. In conversation with the writer he said that as the job was done and he was caught he thought he "might as well laugh as to cry over it."

When Mr. Herzog found that the feed was still there the next morning his suspicions were aroused, and upon a more careful inspection of the check he saw that it did not look regular. He, therefore, lost no time in making inquiries and soon his suspicions were confirmed. He got Detective Jones on the job at once, who lost no time in running down his man.

On Monday Cole was in Engstrom & Olson's jewelry store negotiating for the purchase of a watch, and later in the day they discovered that two of their watches were missing. When Cole was brought here yesterday morning, Mr. Olson made some inquiry of Detective Jones regarding their loss, but found nothing to indicate that he had taken the missing articles.

Bell Bros., proprietors of Olean's Big Department Store, will feature a unique sale Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week called "Clover Day Sale." They have made the rounds of the store and selected from every department several items of fresh, reliable and fashionable merchandise that is particularly in demand just now—a large portion of the regular price has been sliced off of items in the big seven column advertisement—then they have placed on each lot Four-leaf Clover signs, meaning "Here's good luck for you"—come and help yourselves liberally.

Teddy R—— marching into Smethport with his big stick winning his battles would not cause more excitement than our new Groceryman, H. J. Ellsworth, who is smashing the prices on the high cost of living. Read his advertisement.

A SMALLPOX SCARE.

Smethport Board of Health Takes Immediate Action.

News reached here yesterday from Olean that Mrs. William Voorhees, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush of this place, was suffering with a well defined case of smallpox. This immediately aroused the Smethport Board of Health because Mrs. Voorhees has been visiting her parents on Bank street and only returned to her home in Olean on Tuesday.

Mrs. Voorhees had not been feeling well while she was here, but was not worried about her condition. However, when she reached Olean her condition became worse and she summoned a physician who pronounced her trouble a well developed case of smallpox.

The Olean Board of Health got into communication with our Board of Health and last night a meeting was held and it was decided to place the Bush home under quarantine and to have the coach in which she left here thoroughly fumigated. The quarantine was put up and the coach fumigated last night.

We understand that the Bush house will be held under strict quarantine for sixteen days, and the Board of Health will take every other precaution to prevent an outbreak of this dreaded disease.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander, president of the Board of Health, informed The Miner this morning that a number of other families, whom Mrs. Voorhees had visited, will have to be detained at their homes for a like period. The court house, of which Mr. Bush is janitor, was fumigated this morning.

A meeting of the borough council has been called for 2 o'clock this afternoon, to make preparations for carrying out the orders of the Board of Health.

SENT TO ELMWOOD HOME.

Herbert Smith of Norwich Was Taken to that Institution Last Friday.

On Friday last County Detective E. W. Jones took Herbert Smith, a 15-year-old boy of Norwich, who was charged with larceny, to the Elmwood Home, where he will reside until the court decides to have him released.

Smith is a bright youngster, who with proper training and surroundings would make a very useful man, but he has been left to his own resources for several years past and therefore the Court thought it best to place him in this home, where he can get an education and proper moral training.

The case against him was really not as bad as it would appear. He was driving a hack from Colegrove to Norwich, and an Italian, who was intoxicated, was one of his passengers. The Italian gave the boy whiskey until he was in a terrible state of intoxication. When they reached Norwich, the Italian commenced throwing his money around and Smith and another boy picked it up. Smith offered to return his part but the Italian refused to take it and preferred the charge against him. Judge Bouton, knowing Smith's wayward ways, wisely let the charge stand and sent him to this home, which is little like a reformatory and an excellent place.

QUIETLY WEDDED.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lewis were Re-Wedded at County Jail on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lewis, formerly of Kane, were re-united in marriage on Monday, Rev. J. W. McGavern, pastor of the M. E. church performing the ceremony. The wedding took place in the sheriff's office in the county jail, the groom being a prisoner in that institution.

Some time ago J. C. Lewis became separated from his first wife and in the course of events he took unto himself another wife, thinking, as he claims, that he was freed from wife No. 1. However, this proved not to be the case and a few months ago he was arrested on a bigamy charge. After his arrest wife No. 1 really did get a divorce, but it left his marriage to No. 2 illegal, and therefore the wedding of Monday.

The court seemed to believe his claim that his second marriage was committed through a misapprehension and therefore his sentence was made as light as possible. He will be free to enjoy wedded bliss early in June.

MRS. JAMES SWEENEY.

Former Smethport Woman Dies at Rochester, Minn., on Monday.

Mrs. James Sweeney, nee Margaret Mullin, formerly of this place, who resided in Tulsa, Okla., died at a hospital in Rochester, Minn., on Monday, from the effects of an operation for tumor.

The deceased, who was about 50 years of age, was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Mullin and was born and spent her young womanhood in this place and she has many friends in Smethport who will deeply mourn her demise. She was a devoted member of the Roman Catholic church, having been brought up in the faith from infancy.

She is survived by her husband and two children, Miss Alice and Paul, and two brothers, William Mullin, who lives in the West, and John E. Mullin of Kane, and two sisters, Mrs. William DeGarmo and Miss Mary Mullin, both of Washington, Pa., who will deeply mourn the loss of a kind and loving wife, mother and sister.

Her remains arrived here on the 10:10 Pennsylvania train this morning and were taken to the home of Hon. James A. McKean, where they will be left until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock when the funeral will be held from St. Elizabeth's church, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating, and her remains will be laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

MRS. ESTHER PARKER.

She Passed Away at Her Home in East Smethport Saturday Morning.

Died, at East Smethport, April 20, 1912, Mrs. Esther A. Parker, widow of the late A. J. Parker, and daughter of William and Esther Steele Talburt. Mrs. Parker was born at Hartford, Conn., Sept. 6th, 1837.

Her parents moved to Pennsylvania many years ago and bought a small farm in Lafayette township and for more than forty years resided there.

In March, 1865, Esther became the wife of A. J. Parker, and the remainder of her life was passed at Smethport. She has lived to see every member of her family "cross the River;" her willing hands and tireless feet ministered to the needs of many of them. If service will add to the lustre of her crown then Esther Parker will be a bright one indeed.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. S. R. Parrett, assisted by Rev. J. W. McGavern, in the Union church at East Smethport. Many friends gathered to show their love and respect for their old friend and neighbor. The tired body was laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery, awaiting the dawn of the Ressurection morning.

DROWNED NEAR ELDRED.

Eldred Boy Lost His Life in Allegheny River Last Sunday.

Carl Kolbe, a young man who lived in Eldred township, was drowned in the Allegheny river last Sunday afternoon while trying to rescue a baseball.

Young Kolbe was playing baseball near the river and the ball was batted into the stream. Kolbe and another young man named Carl Pratt waded into the stream to recover the ball. It was floating rapidly with the current and both young men were soon in water over their heads. Both could swim and there were no thoughts of danger. Pratt recovered the ball and started back for the shore. He overtook Kolbe, who was struggling desperately to keep afloat and calling for help. He had become chilled and was disabled by cramps. Pratt tried to help his companion, but Kolbe sank beneath the water an instant before the swimmer reached him.

Pratt continued to shore and an immediate search for Kolbe's body was instituted. After two hours the body was found quite a distance down the stream. Kolbe was 21 years of age and a son of Mr. and Mrs. William Kolbe, who live across the river from Eldred. He was a well known young man and his untimely death is generally regretted in the Eldred community.

"Souvenir Day" at Bell Bros. Big Clover Day Sale.

Olean's Big Department Store will give to every lady present between the hours of 9:30 and 10:30 Thursday morning a beautiful souvenir. Remember the time and the place.

GOVERNMENT INVESTIGATING TITANIC LOSS

Unknown Boat Ignores Distress Signals From The Titanic.

CREW AND EQUIPMENT DEFICIENT

Many Facts and Numerous Almost Unbelievable Stories are Being Told of the Disaster—Binoculars Might Have Saved Over 1600 Lives Says Lookout Fleet—Some Panic-Stricken Men Became Brutal.

At Wednesday's session of the Senate committee investigating the Titanic disaster an official document showing the number of passengers who sailed on the Titanic and the number saved was filed as follows:

First class passengers who sailed: Women, 143; men, 177; boys, 5. Total, 325.

First class passengers survivors: Women, 131; men, 68; boys, 3. Total 202.

Second class passengers who sailed: Men, 157; women and children, 128. Total, 285.

Total survived: Men, 12; women and children, 106. Total, 118.

Third class passengers who sailed: Southampton, 366 male, 129 female; Cherbourg, 67 male, 38 female; Queenstown, 53 male, 57 female. Total, 486 male, 224 female.

Number of survivors: 85 male, 93 female.

This makes the total number of passengers of all classes on the Titanic 1,420. To this number must be added 940, constituting the officers and crew, making a grand total of 2,360 persons on board the giant liner.

The total number of passengers of all classes saved is 498 and the total number of officers and crew saved is 210, making the total number saved, 708.

The loss of life, therefore, by the sinking of the Titanic is officially fixed at 1,652.

The investigation of the Titanic disaster which is being conducted by the Senate Committee at Washington is progressing slowly. Many strange stories are being told, which if true are unexplainable. While many men of the passengers and crew proved themselves to be true heroes, others were cowardly and brutal in the extreme.

That all the 1600 of the passengers and crew who went to their death in the watery tomb that was once the proud Titanic might have saved had the officers of an unidentified steamer, only five miles away, heeded the frantic signals flashed by rockets and the Morse electric signal, was the startling evidence adduced by the Senate Investigating committee when the hearings into the disaster were resumed on Monday.

The fact that a steamer was only five miles away when the Titanic officers were calling for help and that Captain Smith and others on board the doomed vessel believed that signals were being given in reply was brought out in the testimony of J. B. Boxhall, fourth officer of the Titanic.

Lookout Fleet, a dull British seaman, told the investigating committee that had he had a pair of binoculars he could have seen the iceberg enough sooner to have given the warning in time to have missed it, but he says they told him they had no glasses.

Pittman who preceded Fleet on the stand and Major Peuchen, who followed him, both told, in different ways, the story of the terrible cries of distress that came across the water when the Titanic finally disappeared.

Pittman was calm and matter-of-fact. One of the lifeboats fell to his charge, a boat loaded with women. He got her safely away from the danger of the ship's suction then lay on his oars as she went down.

First there were loud screams and cries for help, that gradually became unintelligible, dying away into a continuous chorus of low moans. For an hour these continued while the women in Pittman's boat sat frozen with horror. There was room in the boat for more, 16 more at least. Some of those who were struggling in the icy sea might have been taken aboard, but Pittman made no effort to go back for them. When at length after more than an hour the last faint moaning had died altogether away the men in the boat again bent to the oars and the boat moved out blindly over the water till dawn and the lights of the Carpathia were sighted almost together.

Major Peuchen told the same story of the cries, "the dreadful cries and moans," he called them. A little while before a call had come from the ship. But Hitchens, the quartermaster, refused to go back.

"It is our life, now, not theirs," he said.

Some of the women pleaded with them, "our husbands are on the ship, we cannot leave them. Please go back," they begged.

"There's nothing there but a lot of stiffs," said Hitchins brutally and refused to bring the ship.

This quartermaster, who Peuchen said was utterly unfit for his position, refused to take an oar, or to perform any service but sit at the helm.

Other testimony brought out at this investigation tends to show that the crew was not of the high order of efficiency one would expect on a boat of this kind, but a hurriedly recruited crowd that sorely lacked an efficient training. The lifeboats were short in number and were poorly handled in many cases.

Of all the stories so far related by the survivors of the Titanic, as well as the facts concerning the disaster which have been revealed before the Senate Committee, the one that is most thrilling in all of its details is yet to be told, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mrs. John B. Thayer, widow of Vice President Thayer of the Pennsylvania railroad, the latter having been a victim, holds a story of her escape and experience following the disaster which when told will send a thrill through every one who reads it.

How, with a well-directed blow from an oar-lock, she rendered unconscious an intoxicated sailor who had persisted in rocking the lifeboat in which she, as well as forty-four others, mostly women and children, had embarked from the sinking Titanic; how she and two other women afterwards took turns at rowing the lifeboat, and their seven hours of drifting before being picked up, is but part of the story which Mrs. Thayer can relate if she will.

Efforts to reach the widow of the Pennsylvania railroad official to get from her the story of her experience and the meeting with her 17-year-old son, Jack, aboard the Carpathia, were met with the statement that she could not yet be seen. Guarding the Thayer home at Haverford is a detail of railroad detectives, who have instructions to let no one seeking information from her of the disaster near the home. It was learned, however, that Mrs. Thayer, who is proud of the heroism displayed by her husband, is doing very well considering the awful shock which she suffered. Young Jack Thayer, who leaped from the Titanic just as the liner stuck her nose downward and began to rapidly sink, and who was afterwards picked up and placed in a lifeboat, returned to his studies at school yesterday.

That forty-five survivors of the Titanic owe their lives to Mrs. Thayer's act in felling the sailor who added to the fears of those in the lifeboat by rocking it violently, is the statement made by a close friend of the family, who has talked to her. From the actions of the man, who was a deckhand it was the belief of those in the boat he was under the influence of liquor, although Mrs. Thayer thinks that he might have suddenly become deranged.

The following is an extract from a reporter's interview with Lucien Smith of Philadelphia:

"There were two men in the boat with my sister-in-law. One was an Italian nobleman who cowered under the seats, and was to unmanned to handle an oar. The other, too, was a nobleman, so far as title went. Several women begged him for a steamer rug, of which he had three. They were freezing. Some wore decollette gowns. But he replied, with a snarl, 'Don't bother me.' That nobleman kept all three rugs."

Strawberries, Pineapples, Bananas, Navel Oranges, Apples, Lettuce, Radishes, Celery, Rhubarb, Parsnips, Turnips, Carrots, New Cabbage, Bermuda Onions.

At ELLSWORTH'S GROCERY.

"Clover Day Sale" at Bell Bros. Big Store, Olean, N. Y. Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

FORCED CHILD TO KILL HIM.

After Man Who Had Been Driven Insane by Titanic Disaster, Had Shot His Wife.

Erie, Pa., April 20.—Driven insane by reading of the horrors of the Titanic wreck, Stephen Wellman of Union City, to-day brutally murdered his aged wife, calmly reloaded the gun and compelled his grandson to shoot him down.

"Pull the triggers," cried the insane man, "if you don't I'll kill you." And the frightened lad did as the maniac commanded. He pulled the trigger, the insane murdered curled up on the floor with his head almost torn off and the little boy, crying hysterically, rushed out of doors. Three neighbors, attracted by the shots of the gun, found him.

"Grandpa made me do it; he said he would kill me," the little boy cried. Gradually he told the story of the frightful crime, a crime almost unparalleled. He told how his grandfather, violently insane, had shot down his pleading and helpless wife, how the maniac had laughed at her cries for mercy, how he reloaded the deadly shot gun, placed it across a chair in the kitchen and compelled him to pull the trigger.

He told how he feared he would be killed, for he had seen his grandmother shot down; he told how, with closed eyes, he pulled the trigger that sent the deadly shots scattering through the diseased brain of the old man; how he saw him crumpled up on the floor, and how he ran away from the awful sight.

CHILD WAS POISONED.

Tablets Caused the Death of Little Lawrence Bradley.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin E. Bradley, who reside at Simpson, were bereaved yesterday afternoon by the death of their four-year-old son, Lawrence Bradley, says Friday's Era.

The child had found some poisonous tablets and was playing with them when discovered by Mrs. Bradley. The mother was alarmed, but the little one, in reply to questions, said he had not eaten any of the tablets. Some time later, however, the boy while at a neighbor's house, got drowsy and fell into a sleep from which he could not be roused.

Dr. Haley of Mt. Alton exerted his skill to save the child's life but was not successful, death ensuing at 5 o'clock. The fatality was due to the poisonous tablets, so the doctor said.

Besides his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin E. Bradley, the little one leaves one brother, Glen Bradley, aged 11 years.

Mr. Bradley, the father of the child, is employed by the South Penn Oil company at Simpson.

The grief-stricken parents will have much sympathy from a large circle of friends.

A NEW BUILDING.

Holmes & Gilfillan Will Construct a Large Shop This Summer.

Holmes & Gilfillan, the enterprising lumber dealers and manufacturers of the Backus Pin Setters, are making preparations to erect a large shop to be used for their constantly growing business this summer.

The building which is to be about 40 by 100 feet on the ground will be located on the site where their woodworking and blacksmith shop is located, between the creek and the Smethport & Keating railroad tracks, will be of solid brick and made as near fireproof as buildings can be made.

This building will also be equipped with an automatic sprinkler which further allays the danger of fire, and will be one of the most modern manufacturing buildings in this section.

A Saturday Special.

Our Special Offer for Saturday, Apr. 27, only, One $3.00 Guaranteed Razor, One $1.00 Razor Strop, One $1.00 Razor Hone, all for $2.00.

1t DALY & GARLICK.

Oh, Mamma! Have you seen the many new goods and good things to eat and they are so much cheaper than you have been paying your groceryman. At

ELLSWORTH'S GROCERY.

"Clover Day Sale" at Bell Bros. Big Store, Olean, N. Y. Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

Lawn Mowers Sharpened.

4t HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Four Acres of Thistles

By Carl Jenkins

(Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press.)

"This seems to be about the record," said the man with iron-gray hair as he turned to the young man of twenty-two standing before him.

"Twenty-two years old. Just squeezed through high school. Just squeezed through preparatory. Sent down from college for failing behind. Tried it again, and now expelled for ruffianism. Never did a day's work. Don't know beans. Never'll amount to shucks. Pet of his mother. Can jump and box and row. If sent to buy five cent's worth of candy wouldn't know how to do it. What have you got to say?"

"Nothing much, father, except as to the ruffianism," was the reply. "I'm not a ruffian, though I admit to being a general failure."

"Would anybody but a ruffian help to kidnap a professor and then ride him around on a jackass?"

"That was just a college prank, father."

"Oh, it was! And greasing the stairs and sending the janitor from top to bottom and breaking his ribs was another!"

"But we made up a purse of $250 for him."

"And blowing up the professor of mathematics with a dynamite mine as he crossed the campus—that was another nice little prank for a cent, wasn't it?"

"He didn't go up over six feet."

"It wasn't your fault that he didn't go sixty. Ames, you've reached the limit."

"Yes?"

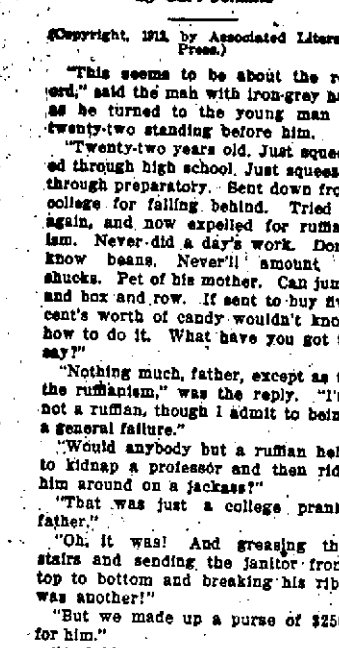
"I own a stone quarry, as you know, and I want laborers. I'll give you two dollars a day, but you'll have to work ten hours a day to earn your wages, and hustle at that."

"I think," replied the young man after a moment's silence, "I think it would do me good to travel and see the country."

"But you can't play Pullman palace car tourist at my expense."

"No, father. I shall turn tramp."

"Do you good. Here's fifty dollars to pay for bed and board when you have to. Better be a tramp than a



The Mad Beast Racing Up With Growls.

nobody. You will at least learn the art of robbing hen-roosts and pulling turnips."

That was three months before a county constable riding along a highway a hundred miles from the Chester home caught sight of a tramp resting under a bush in the afternoon and called to him:

"Move on, you, or I'll have you in jail!"

"Oh, I don't know," was the indifferent reply.

"But I do. I don't take sass from your sort!"

The man with a nickle star pinned conspicuously to the lapel of his coat drew rein, pulled out a pair of handcuffs and advanced upon the tramp and reached out for him. Next moment he was standing on his head, his feet being held up in the air. He did some kicking and was turned end-for-end. He made some bluster and was tossed into his buggy and the horse urged to hurry up and get somewhere. Then the tramp wandered along. He was hungry, and he would have stopped at the big house he soon came to and had a chat with the cook, except that he saw a girl in a hammock on the veranda. He wasn't exactly afraid that she would bite, but he had on a blue woolen shirt and a rough suit and hadn't shaved for four days. Other tramps he had met on the road had dubbed him with the title of "Gentleman Jim." They hadn't charged him with carrying a toothbrush, but they had found out that he combed his hair at least once in two days, and no one had offered to "chum up" with him!

Forty rods beyond the residence of Judge Horton, for this the big house was and it was his daughter Edith in the hammock, the tramp sat down again. There was no hurry. On his left was a four-acre lot grown up to thistles, and it was a bit of scenery for the wayfarer. His eyes had roamed over the field when they were brought back to the highway to rest on a big mastiff coming towards him on the jump.

"Mad dog!" whispered the tramp after watching for a moment.

Head held high—eyes a fiendish green—slavering at the mouth. Those were the true signs. The tramp stood up and grasped the stout stick by which he carried his old satchel over his shoulder. The dog came straight at him, but at the last moment swerved aside and passed on. He was half-blind in his agony, and he may have taken the man for a shadow.

"Gate open and girl in the hammock!" whispered the tramp. "Will he turn in? If he does she will scream, and what then? I musn't take chances!"

The dog had forty rods to go by the road, and the man, by leaping the fence and making a short cut had only about twenty-five. One jump and he was over the fence, and then he struck a cinder-track gait.

The dog stopped for a few seconds at the gate and then turned in. Just then the girl sat up in the hammock, and seeing both tramp and dog she screamed. The tramp let out another link, and he was at the foot of the steps when the mad beast came racing up with growls of agony or anger. With a full swing of his stick the tramp bowled the dog over, and three or four more blows finished him.

"What—what is it!" demanded the girl.

"Just a mad dog, miss," was the reply as the dusty outing cap was lifted. "He's dead and there's nothing to fear."

"But I want to know."

"Just a mad dog."

And the tramp had reached the gate when Judge Horton and his wife came driving up, and the judge leaped out and seized the man by the collar and exclaimed:

"Hold on, here! I want to know what's been going on!"

"Don't let him get away, father!" cried Edith as she came running.

"What's he done"

"Why, he killed a big mad dog that was after me! I want to know his name and make him accept thanks."

"Just a mad dog," replied the tramp with a deprecating smile, but the trio insisted on making a hero of him.

The judge handed him a $20 bill, and when it was refused he cast around to give a reward in some other way.

"Look here," he said after a bit, "there's four solid acres of thistles over there belonging to me. I want 'em cut down and rooted out. I'll give you $10 an acre to do it, and you can get board with the farmer just below."

The next day the tramp went to work with scythe and spade, and it was a twenty-days' job he had. Three or four times in that stretch Judge Horner visited the field and tried to draw the worker out, but he did not succeed very well. On two occasions Miss Edith called him to the roadside fence to praise and pump, but all the information she got made a brief report to her father.

"Say, papa, you know I studied Greek?"

"It was some folderol like that, I believe."

"And I can understand it quite well, and what do you think?"

"I think you can't."

"And yesterday when I was passing the thistle-field I heard our tramp swearing in Greek!"

"Did, eh? Then I must warn him that all swearing around here must be done in English."

It was the tramp's last day on his job when a strange auto rolled up to Judge Horton's mansion, and an hour later his honor and his visitor entered the field and walked up to the weary and sunburned toiler.

"Ames, I didn't think it was in you!" said the visitor as he held out his hand.

"Father!"

"We've kept a little track of you, you see."

And Miss Edith? Well a man has only to save a girl from a mad dog and hydrophobia, and then excite her curiosity and romance, and what's the result? Not over a year's courtship before marriage, and it is eminently proper at that.

When Nagel Had to Ride.

Charles Nagel, secretary of commerce and labor, is a tall man, resembling in his build an isolated pine tree on the top of a hill, says the Popular Magazine. Returning to Washington one night from New York he got past the taxicabs and was surrounded by a group of hackmen, to whom he paid absolutely no attention, as he intended to walk the 14 blocks to his office.

The hackmen greeted him with a storm of such cries as:

"Take you right uptown! Take you to the New Willard! Take you to the Raleigh!"

The statesman walked straight ahead without even looking at his besiegers.

"If you want a cheap hotel, jump right in here," insisted another driver.

Still Nagel walked on, unheeding.

Finally a Jehu addressed him thus:

"Deaf and dumb asylum! Take you up there in a minute!"

At this Mr. Nagel laughed and got into the hack.

For Mending Valuable Glass.

Objects which would be disfigured by common cement may be securely mended with chrome cement. This is a mixture of five parts of gelatine to one of a solution of acid chromate of lime. The broken edges are covered with this, pressed together and exposed to the sunlight, the effect of the latter being to render the compound insoluble, even in boiling water.—McCall's Magazine.

SOMETHING OF A NUISANCE

Mr. Fatherly Comes to the Front With Some Remarks About Mamma's New Footstool.

"The only Christmas gift whose presence in the house I regret," said Mr. Fatherly, "is a footstool which our girls gave to mamma.

"Mother is not an old lady, but the girls thought it would be nice for her to have something to put her feet up on and then I think that as a sort of subsidiary idea they had a fancy that it would look well in the house.

"I am not familiar with footstool architecture and so I don't know of just what design this one is, whether it's a Louis XIV. or Louis V. or what; but I know it's built of mahogany, is oblong in shape, upholstered in green, has carved legs with claw feet and that for its size it is a pretty solid piece of furniture.

"On Christmas night when the girls put that footstool under mamma's feet 'Isn't that lovely?' they said, and mamma said it was perfectly beautiful and she sat with her feet on it for the rest of that evening. But she has never used it since; she isn't a footstool lady yet.

"Then the girls began setting that footstool around in our parlor or in our library, where they thought it would appear to advantage and where it would, by its presence, enhance the attractiveness of our outfit. It has been during this time, while the girls were placing the footstool around here and there to see how it would look, that I have become best acquainted with it by stubbing my toes against it.

"For, you see, it was new to me, and then, with the girls forever shifting it around, really it seemed as if I couldn't go anywhere in those two rooms without falling over that footstool.

"Just now the girls have got that footstool under the piano bench; they are trying to see how it looks there. The bench is of mahogany and it has curved legs and claw feet, like the footstool's, and in a way the two pieces of furniture do harmonize. I hope that this harmony will appeal to the girls strongly, and that there under the piano bench, for a long time, they will let this curiously, one might almost say malignantly, obstructive footstool remain."

Pursuing Woman.

Whatever the law of man may attempt or achieve in the way of reforming the harmless, necessary bachelor, there is a higher natural law of quest and capture which—in the opinion of expert feminologists—the predatory woman rather than the comparatively timid and quiescent man fulfills. Nowadays woman is the pursuer, man is the pursued. The luckless wight who hopes to escape the mantraps and springs of matrimony has need of all his cunning; there is no safety but in retreat; he is no match for the devious cunning of the huntress who has marked the game for her own. Mr. Man may take refuge in splenetic lyrics about The Female of the Species, or The Vampire, but that is his sole satisfaction. The woman spins her web and smiles and is demure; she knows that he may fling his caustic epigram about The Serpent's Tongue, but—clever arachnoid that she is—she will have him at the last. She can afford to bide her time and be patient, for whether it be leap year or some other year, her net will enmesh him and he will grant whatever she desires, even to the extent of letting her vote or go to congress or be president.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Proof of the Man Shakespeare.

Sir Sidney Lee, the eminent Shakespearean scholar, indorses the conclusions of Ernest Law, who has endeavored to prove that certain documents in the public record office in London relating to Shakespeare, which were long supposed to be impudent forgeries, are, after all, genuine. The documents concern the production of some of Shakespeare's plays at the courts of Queen Elizabeth and King James. Sir Sidney remarked in a speech at the annual meeting of the Shakespeare birthday trustees that "the fact that in these documents Shakespeare is mentioned categorically as the poet which made the plays should be specially interesting. It a little disappointing to certain persons, who think that there is no genuine contemporary evidence of the existence of any such author."

Paris Women in Strange Headgear.

It is at such places as the Grand Guignol that one sees quaint clothes. I went one night this week and saw some of the funniest headgear I have beheld anywhere.

One girl had a bonnet rather like the sort of thing a knight of old would have worn in a tournament. It was made of gold metal in a chain pattern and it completely covered her head right down to the nape of her neck.

Another had a Mother Hubbard cap trimmed with a wreath of scarlet flowers; another wore a high, pointed hat of old brocade trimmed with fur round the brim, and several wore bands of beads bordered with deep fringe, which hung all round the face after the fashion of a lampshade.—The Queen.

Pays to Be Up-to-Date.

"A man has to be up-to-date to do anything nowadays."

"Yes," replied Dustin Stax. "When I talk to an investigating committee I find it desirable not to dwell needlessly on the past."

Explanation

By Louise Olney

(Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press.)

Angry, hurt, bewildered, he had finally gone to her father, who disclaimed any knowledge of Marcia's love affairs. His manner proclaimed, politely enough, his unwillingness to be told of them. But Stephen Wright would be heard. He was not a man whom even a narrowly escaped father-in-law ignores.

"It's so—unfair!" he protested hotly, summing up the situation, "and so—unlike her. One day she owns she loves me and promises to marry me. A few hours after I am called away by telegram for a week—before I could even speak to you about it, sir—" the old man bowed in recognition—"and on my return I find on my desk, re-enveloped and addressed to me in her hand, every one of the frequent letters I wrote her while away! Not one of them had she opened! Then I rush out to see her, and have a servant tell me that she is not at home to me, and never will be! I try the 'phone, and she refuses to talk. I send Mrs. Townsend, her best friend and mine, to her, and am told that she coldly refused to mention me! And now you, sir, say you can't help me!"

"Women are always—in some way—unfair," said the old man slowly, as he rose defiantly. "I know nothing about this. I am—sorry for you, but I cannot interfere. I will tell her what you say. If she sends you any word I will write you."

That had been all. It was a proceeding that matched the dullness of the November day.

Stephen had gone home, grilled hopelessly over the matter for a weary night, and in the morning had pitched into his business to keep from thinking. He hated a mystery. A mystery between himself and Marcia was unbearable. A month passed, two months. Still he tried to think what he could have done. His clean young life was unshadowed by anything darker than the merest usual follies. He had always been decent. His conscience was clear. And—he had never loved any one but her. He has had a few ephemereal boyish fancies, such as he had had for Kate Boyd, whom he had been teasing about a bit before Marcia came home from college.

She Was Very Constrained and Quiet.

From that moment Marcia had been all, and Kate—a mere friend. He was too chivalrous of mind to have it come to his mind that Kate might have cared. She had been jolly, Kate.

Christmas cold and snow and good cheer all passed. Stephen Wright felt numb. His anger had left him, and only helpless hurt remained. He had given up going anywhere lest he meet her, as he had done a few times. Once he had taken Kate, in the old way, to a little company. Marcia was there. Somehow she managed to avoid even speaking to him, and early in the evening went home with a headache which he believed to be unreal. Twice thereafter he met her on the street. Her dark bright eyes seemed not to see him. Then he refused invitations from the set to which they both belonged. He would not trouble her nor torture himself.

That was a bad winter. January and February crawled by. March came suddenly, unseasonably warm. The snows melted to rivers in the streets. People caught colds, but an electric shock of vitality passed through everything. Spring was on the way.

On such an afternoon Stephen, his face a little thin and drawn, left the overwork of the office and strolled out into the air. He began for the millionth time to wonder why Marcia had—then he stopped himself. That way lay heartbreak and a sort of madness. But—he still wanted an explanation. He accepted dismissal; that was her right. Perhaps when summer came she would remember and pity and send him a word. He no longer had any pride in the matter. She could do as she would with him.

The sun was hot, though the wind was cold in the shadowed places, and, wandering about, he could no longer control his worriment. He must find distraction. He turned aside to allow the passing of a group of young girls, shining-eyed, white-gloved, festive with violets on their open coats, matinee-bound. He looked after them. Youth and beauty meant nothing to him but "Marcia," but he needed diversion. He also would go to the theater, though he knew the play would be driveling.

He bought his ticket, checked his coat and found his seat. The curtain was yet down and the orchestra playing in the dim place. Women were chattering all about him.

The curtain rose in due time and revealed about what Stephen Wright had expected—a little truth, much more rot. He wondered why people should need amusement so much—why this should amuse them. But some of it was not bad. It all turned on a misunderstanding between lovers, separated by the machinations of a jealous woman. The theme was very, very threadbare and ancient. He wondered if such things really happened? In plays, unlike life, however, things were cleared up. Everybody knew why. There was explanation.

Gazing about between the acts, he saw Kate at the edge of a box. He studied her face. It was queerly drawn and pale—almost tragically worried. He had not seen her of late. He reproached himself for neglecting a friend just because he happened to be wretched himself.

He straightway rose and went for a moment's talk. She was very constrained and quiet. No, she had not been ill. She was afraid he was too late about coming to see her. She was starting that night for the west to live with a widowed aunt. Yes, it was sudden. It must be—good-by. As the curtain went up she gave him her hand. It was cold as ice and she was white. He went back to his seat. Was all the world gone wrong?

The wise old man who explained things to everybody in the play held the center of the stage in this last act. Stephen found himself really listening.

"A man is helpless with women," said the man in the play. "They fight each other and use him for a tool. They lie—and he believes them, and perhaps his whole life is spoiled by a jealous whim which he dies ignorant of. Men come out in the open and explain. Women let pride or jealousy make fiends of them at moments, though they are angels when themselves. You can't blame them—it is a sort of insanity, not to be straightforward. How they will let a man suffer for lack of a word or two!" There was more of it, all banal enough, all, to his taste, a little cheap, but perhaps with a grain of truth.

Then an usher handed him a folded note. He glanced up at the box, but Kate Boyd was not there. He forgot everything, reading her pencilled note. It began without preface:

"Go straight out and see Marcia. She will be waiting for you, for before you get there she will have a note from me telling her what this says to you.

"Last November I lied to her. I was afraid she loved her. I cared myself, and could not bear to lose you. I told her we were engaged, and asked her not to come between us. I put it in a way that hurt her self-respect so that she could not forgive nor see you. Now I have told her that it was not the truth, Kate."

Stephen gave a little gasp and his strength left him. He had neither pity nor blame for Kate. He could only think of Marcia, her sweet eyes, her sweet lips, her gentle dearness. Would she love him again? He entered the first taxicab and rang her bell.

The maid took his card. Then she silently led him to the library, opened the door for him, and closed it again.

"Marcia!" he said, but she was close in his arms, "Marcia!"

NERVES AND THE DIGESTION

Efficiency of Peptic Juices Dependent on Proper Condition of Mind and Body.

Nervous dyspepsia is the kind that most people have who can afford it.

Professor Pawlow of St. Petersburg has recently demonstrated that peptic juices have their grades of efficiency much the same as the rest of us have. To do good work they must be secreted during normal states of the nerve system, for it is the sympathetic nerve system that controls these operations.

There are as many grades of strength of the gastric juices as there are of purity of milk sold on the streets.

One essential to the secretion of a normal gastric juice is absence of brain fag or of nervous depression. It is a thousand times better in such a state to either retire for a half-hour's rest, or, if we cannot in that way throw off the burden, to seek social or mental or even emotional diversion until we are able to forget it.

Another essential is equanimity of temper. Let not wrath sit with you at the table.

Illustrated With Plates, As He Said.

Prof. Adams of Cambridge university, England, who discovered the planet Neptune, was a distinguished proof that a man may have his head among the clouds and still keep a ready wit for mundane occasions.

At a dinner of the Philosophical society, runs a contribution to the Cornhill Magazine, one of the company was concluding an after-dinner speech about the activities of the society for the past year. He pointed to the book of the proceedings lying on the table near him, adding:

"But of all the proceedings this year, gentlemen, you will agree with me that one of the best is this (waving his hand at the assembled diners) philosophical proceeding."

"Illustrated with plates!" hissed out Prof. Adams to his neighbor at table.

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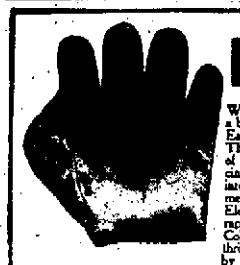

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 25, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Daly & Garlick are advertising paint in this issue.

—Westbrook Academy, Olean, has an advertisement in this issue.

—H. J. Ellsworth quotes some interesting prices in his grocery advertisement this week.

—The morning subject next Sunday at the Methodist Episcopal church will be "A Kingly Request." Evening subject, "Soldierly Qualities."

—On Monday A. R. Anderson took Maurice Sommers to Huntingdon, Pa., where he entered the reformatory. Sommers was accused of larceny at Mt. Alton and it is said that he has previously been accused of a similar crime in New York State.

—Two handsome granite monuments have just been erected in the Colegrove cemetery, of the same design. One on the lot of Mrs. O. D. Gallup, and the other on the lot of L. J. Gallup. The work was finished by Foley Bros. Co., monument builders, of Olean, N. Y.

—A cat at Ashland was watching a hole for a rat. A bootlegger came along and scared the cat away, and in doing so dropped his bottle of booze, which broke and the booze spilled. The rat came out and licked up some of the booze. Then it bristled up and said: "Now where is that d——d cat that was looking for me?" Ashland (Kansas) Clipper.

—Two Italians were quite painfully injured at Clermont on Monday by a cave-in of a mine belonging to the Clermont Brick & Tile Co. Tony Scopano had three ribs broken and Felix Grilla received bad muscle bruises on the arms and shoulders. They were attended by Dr. Burg Chadwick, who says they had a lucky accident in escaping with such slight bruises.

—George C. Bayless and Fred N. Hamlin, the defendants on the manslaughter cases arising from the bursting of the Austin dam last September, have through their attorneys, petitioned the supreme court of Pennsylvania, praying that the case may be tried in a county other than Potter. They allege that on account of the prejudice existing among the people of Potter county it would be impossible for them to get a fair and impartial trial.

—The dance given for the benefit of the Smethport baseball team at the Lyceum Tuesday evening was a decided success. The floor was well filled with merry dancers who thoroughly enjoyed the evening and the inspiring music by the I. O. O. F. band. Light refreshments were served. Financially this party was also a success and about $40 was cleared to start the boys. This is not sufficient to purchase the necessary equipment but it is a good start and the members of the team are much encouraged.

—The borough authorities have arranged for a public dumping ground, which is located on the Bank street extension. Persons wishing to take advantage of this ground can do so by following Bank street until they see a sign directing them further.

—A near-daring robbery was narrowly averted in this place a few nights ago. The manager of one of our local factories discovered a small light in one of the departments and with the assistance of the police and one or two friends surrounded the building so that none of the daring burglars might escape. Then one of the party cautiously approached the building and discovered that someone connected with the place had left a small electric light burning. Thus a tragedy was averted.

—In this age when the lure of money seems to have no limit and when men's hands grasp anything that comes their way it is pleasant and reassuring to note down that the majority of individuals are honest and that Ridgway has her share of them is beyond a doubt. Last evening at the Elks' ball in the armory, Mrs. Samuel Murphy lost a diamond sunburst valued at about $500 and efforts to find the jewel proved unavailing until this morning when helping to clean up the commodious room, Pike came across the beautiful gem and promptly restored it to the rightful owner. The piece of jewelry is a beauty, consisting of 9 large white diamonds and 49 real pearls. It is fortunate that an honest man like Mr. Pike found the valuable.—Ridgway Record.

—Now that the trout fishing season has opened the first fish story of the year comes from a Williamsport reporter, who tells the following: "The other day Frederick Sampsell was going from Cascade township over into the Sugar Camp region to cut timber, when he dipped down into a deep hollow through which a pretty little trout stream flows. He saw what he at first believed was a man deliberately engaged in yanking fish out of a pool. Upon closer inspection, however, he discovered that the "man" was not a man at all, but a big bear, probably just out of hibernation and engaged in his first spring repast. Then Sampsell watched the old critter for a long time, and while he looked on the bear threw out upon the bank at least four or five trout. He stood in the pool and just yanked the fish out as a boy might polywogs. Then he would leisurely saunter out on land and devour his prize, returning to more catching. Sampsell put the bear's picnic to an end by yelling at the top of his voice, and bruin skedaddled in fine style."

CHURCH CONTRIBUTIONS NOW

No One Thinks of Putting Less Than Five Cents in the Plate Now—Day of the Penny Gone.

"Everything has gone up," said Mr. Graytop, "everything. You take, for instance, church contributions, the money one of us in white the plate is passed around.

"Nowadays the minimum, the smallest amount that we could put in or that we'd want to put in would be five cents, a nickel, wouldn't it? Surely; no matter who it was, nobody would think of putting in less than a nickel now; but in my younger days, before the war, the standard contribution of the run of respectable persons of moderate means was one cent, a penny; and the contribution plate was commonly called the penny plate.

"In those days, just the same as now, the plates were passed by deacons or other officers of the church, one to each aisle. Of course we had then, just as we do now, some in the church who had more money than others and these would put in more, a half-dime or a dime or a quarter or a half-dollar, and sometimes somebody would put in a bill, but silver coins were not over numerous and bills were rare.

"Our folks were not rich, as a matter of fact we had no money except what my father earned, but though we were not rich we were self-respecting, God-fearing people and we always went to church and the children went to Sunday school. We had in our church quite a number of people comfortably well off and two or three who were in those days called rich, but there were more people like us.

"Of course we contributed something more than pennies to the support of the church, we paid our pew rent at the fixed price and occasionally there were special calls when we contributed more, whatever we could afford or thought we ought to give, but our standard, regular contributions on Sundays were in pennies. We children took each a penny to Sunday school. When the plate was passed in church we put pennies in that,

"As we grew older our father would give more than one of us pennies to put in the plate and then there was a larger contribution from our pew, but still in those days our church contribution, as I am trying to set forth, was in pennies."

MOST ANCIENT OF MEN

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ENGLAND ARE INTERESTING.

Flint Implements Made Before the Glacial Period of Europe Are Found by an Eminent Archaeologist in Suffolk.

The new discovery in regard to ancient man (of which I am able to speak with full confidence since I have studied the specimens and the localities myself, and have just sent an illustrated account of the implement to the Royal society) is that of flint implements of very definite and peculiar shape, in some abundance, in a bed at the base of what geologists class as a Pliocene deposit (that is, before the Pleistocene), namely, the "Red Crag" of Suffolk. We owe this most important discovery entirely to Mr. J. Reid Moir of Ipswich, who found his first specimens in October, 1909, and after a year's careful examination of the district and the finding of more specimens in crag pits ten miles and more around Ipswich, announced it in a letter to the Times in October, 1910. Now that another year has passed more specimens have been found and the matter is beyond dispute.

Two distinguished geologists, past presidents of the Geological society, have certified that the bed in which Mr. Moir's flints are obtained is certainly the undisturbed basement bed of the Red Crag, so that they may be justly spoken of as due to the work of pre-crag man.

The implements are not at all like [illegible] They are not flattened, almond-shaped, or kite-like (elongated, triangular or leaf-shaped), as are the large Paleolithic implement (the Chellean, Acheulian and Mousterian) hitherto known. But they are shaped like the beak of an eagle, compressed from side to side with a keel or ridge extending from the front point backward. Their shape may be compared to the hull of a boat with its keel turned upward and its beak-like prow in front. They are from four to ten inches in length, and all have been fabricated by a few well-directed blows given to an oblong piece of flint so as to knock off great pieces right and left, leaving a keel in the midline, while the lower face is trimmed flat.

These implements are, in fact, beaked hammer heads—probably used in the hand without hafting—and applied to the smoothing and "dressing" of skins, as well as other purposes. Some are more symmetrical and carefully "trimmed" than others. With these, which I call "eagle's beak implements," or the "rostro-carinate type," are found a few other large and heavy sculptured flints of very curious shape (like picks and axes) unlike any hitherto known, but certainly and without the least doubt chipped into shape by man.

The flint implements—our eagle's beaks made by men in the relatively warm Coralline Crag days—were actually carried off the land by an ice sheet and deposited in the earliest layers of the Red Crag deposit. The irrefragable proof of this is that very many of the eagle's beak flints are scratched and scored on their smooth surfaces by those peculiar cross-running grooves which we find on a pebble from a glacier's "moraine," or stone heap. Nothing but the immense pressure of the stones embedded in one sheet of ice, rasping by slow movement other stones embedded in another sheet of ice over which the first very slowly advances, can produce these markings.

The Red Crag marks the beginning of the Pleistocene and of the glacial condition of North Europe. A great question, difficult of decision, is whether the earliest river gravels which we know in England and France were as early as the Red Crag, overlying which are vast marine deposits of glacial sands and clays. In any case Mr. Moir's flint implements are pre-Crag; they were made before the glacial conditions set in, and are quite unlike those found in the river gravels. The discovery is one which will profoundly interest the "pre-historians" of France and Germany, as well as English archaeologists and geologists.—London Times.

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DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

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Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D" also rim strip "C" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY-RIDING.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. ***DO NOT THINK OF BUYING*** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Y. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

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EMBALMING

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News—Sample Copy, Premium Catalogue and Pattern Catalogue free, on request.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

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ROBES,
BLANKETS,
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The best goods at reasonable prices.

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Assets..... $565,150.00

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The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line

BEST,
PUREST
AND MOST
COMPLETE,
PRICE RIGHT.

A. B. ARMSTRONG

Drug Store

HORSE TONIC

The best spring tonic for horses and cattle, to prepare them for hard work and hot weather, is Pratts Animal Regulator. Guaranteed to save you money and quickly put your stock in shape.

25c and 50c packages.

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1913 Almanac and Stock book FREE

DIAMOND

Birthstone of April

The Most Beautiful GEM

Invest in a Diamond Ring or Pin if you are April Born.

It is a paying investment.

Engstrom & Olson,

Jewelers

Smethport, - - Pa.

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Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

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We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Spring to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

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We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

Easter will soon be here. Make your selections now while our stock is complete. We will lay aside anything you select until Easter time.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52-54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

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JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

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Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

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HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 25, 1912.

At the primaries held throughout the State on Saturday, April 13, the Republican voters emphatically put the stamp of disapproval on bossism in this State and it is the duty of the delegates who will meet in Harrisburg to see that the stamp does not come off. Penrose and Flinn will both be there looking for a chance to get control of the convention and through it the State organization. In the opinion of The Miner neither of these gentlemen is the man wanted by a vast majority of the Republican voters of this state and it will be a big mistake if either one is elected State chairman or allowed to dictate the nominations at this convention.

Penrose has become such an arbitrary dictator that the voters no longer want him as their leader and the past political record of Mr. Flinn is such that he would not inspire the Republican voters as the man to take charge of the political reforms that are now possible in the great State of Pennsylvania. Flinn may be perfectly sincere in his reform movement but already there is a great deal of talk of the Flinn machine which will probably succeed the Penrose machine, and if he or one of his old henchmen is chosen chairman of the state committee the political unrest in this state will in no way be abated.

Frank B. McClain of Lancaster, ex-Speaker of the House and one of the best known and most popular men in Pennsylvania, is a man who if chosen as chairman would dispell all of this unrest and would do more than any one man we know of to unite the various factions in this Commonwealth. He is personally acquainted with and has a warm friend in every Republican of any political prominence in the state and while he is not a radical anti-organization he is known throughout the state as an able leader and a man whose excellent ability and unquestioned integrity would inspire the confidence and respect of the whole Republican party. The delegates to the Republican State convention at their meeting in Harrisburg on Wednesday, May 1, can do no better than to elect Hon. Frank B. McClain chairman of the State committee.

Many friends of Guy B. Mayo in this county as well as in this section of the State are urging that he be chosen at the State convention as one of the Republican nominees for Congressman-at-Large and knowing Mr. Mayo since his early school days we are heartily in favor of this move.

Firstly, because Mr. Mayo is eminently fitted for this exalted position and secondly, because McKean county richly deserves this recognition.

Mr. Mayo is a young man who is not sufficiently endowed with the world's riches to buy a seat in the halls of congress. But he is amply endowed with that greater wealth—brains, honesty and courage—to make a congressman of whom the whole state would be proud. Along with the above attributes he possesses force, energy and geniality which are necessary to make men in public life who do things worth while. He is thoroughly in accord with the Roosevelt progressive principles, has a well balanced mind, is an able attorney, a fluent and forceful public speaker and would be a help to Roosevelt in his administration of progress if he is again elected president. Mr. Mayo has been District Attorney in this county for six years, creditably filling that office and on April 13 was chosen as a national delegate to the Chicago convention.

McKean county deserves this recognition because it has had only two congressmen in the past fifty years and because it now presents a man who is eminently fitted to fill this office with honor and credit to himself and the State.

The railroad engineers strike, which threatened to throw 250,000 men out of employment and completely tie up 50,000 miles of railroad east of Chicago, thus affecting 50,000,000 persons has for the present been averted.

Both sides accepted the offer of mediation by Judge Martin A. Knapp of the United States Commerce Court and Charles P. Neill, commissioner of labor. They will begin their work tomorrow and the prospect is that the differences between the railroad managers of the fifty eastern lines affected and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will be amicably adjusted.

Should mediation fail the next step will be arbitration. Under the Erdman act, passed in 1898 for settlement of disputes between interstate railroads and their employees, if such a dispute cannot be settled by mediation, it is provided that a board of arbitration may be appointed. This board shall consist of an arbitrator named by the labor union and one by the railroads, the third to be selected by them. If this third arbitrator is not agreed upon within five days after the railroads and the union have made their selections he shall be appointed by the government. The decision of this board shall be binding upon both sides for one year.

Because of the great number of contests started by the Roosevelt followers, the Republican National committee has decided to meet in Chicago two weeks before the convention is called to order. Instead of the committee having a one week job, as in former years, it expects to have a two weeks' job. Therefore, instead of meeting on June 10, the committee will meet on June 3. The session will probably continue until June 18, when the convention is to meet.

That the meeting of the National Committee will be virtually a council of war is admitted by the party leaders in Washington. The committee is composed of leaders from every state. Most of them favor the renomination of President Taft. Some of them favor the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt. If the race between the two candidates is close at that time the National Committee will virtually decide the issue.

The Roosevelt men are basing their hopes on the possibility that the National Committee will decide contests in their favor. At the meeting on June 3, the call for which will be issued within a few days, the manner in which contests should be decided will be discussed, and it is probable that an arrangement will be made to seat certain of the delegations temporarily.

DuBois Express: It is rumored in political circles that when the congressional districts in Pennsylvania are re-appointed that the twenty-first will be subjected to radical changes and that instead of consisting of Center, Clearfield, McKean and Cameron as at present, it will be back to its old form and will be made up of Center, Clearfield, Elk, Clarion and Forest. This would be the same alignment as formerly prevailed when the district was strongly Democratic and would probably mean that it would once more swing into line for that party. It is not definitely known that this change will be undertaken, but it is strongly intimated that the effort will be made when the re-apportionment is taken up.

The control of the next state convention of the Republicans should be by the majority of the delegates and that it will be so controlled, is expected. However, there may be efforts on the part of certain faction leaders to do some manipulating and this sort of thing should be opposed strongly from the start. The delegates, by their votes, have the power to do the controlling. Let us, for a change, have an unbossed state convention.—Bradford Era.

The Allens were taken from Roanoke, Va., to Hillsville on Monday for trial. They are Floyd Allen, Victor Allen, Byrd Marian, Sidna Edwards, Claude S. Allen, Friel Allen and John Moore. Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards are still at large. Friends of the Allens appeared in the village heavily armed and another battle was feared, but was averted. Moton for a change of venue was granted and they will be tried in Chester county.

Latest figures regarding the storm which swept over Illinois and Indiana Sunday evening show 66 death, 157 injured and nearly 100 families destitute. More than 100 homes were demolished and the property loss totalled several hundred thousand dollars. Greatest damage was done at Bush, Willsville, Murphysboro, Campus, Freeman, and Kankakee, Ill., and Morocco, Ind.

It is estimated that the floods in the Mississippi has cost 500 lives and that 20,000 people are homeless. Over 300 towns and hamlets have been inundated and thousands of acres of fertile land badly damaged. The damage is placed at upwards of $100,000,000.

Col. Roosevelt won out in South Carolina, Kansas and Oregon and lost in New Hampshire this past week, and the prospects for his being the next President grow brighter every day.

The situation in Mexico continues to be critical and intervention by the United States at any time would not be a surprise.

"Clover Day Sale" at Bell Bros. Big Store, Olean, N. Y. Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

Pure Maple Sugar and Maple Syrup. ELLSWORTH GROCERY

A Lesson for Drinkers.

The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times Comments on the Titanic Disaster as Follows:

Having passed now, in consideration of the Titanic wreck, beyond the recital of harrowing details, it is proper to give expression to the widespread regret of the American people at the loss of so many prominent and useful citizens. Why one shall be taken and another left we may not understand. Nor would it be gracious to inquire too closely into the human process by which one man was given preference over another in filling the lifeboats. At the founding of this nation the forefathers held it to be a truth self-evident "that all men are created equal," and it is a significent fact that, however much we may forget or ignore this truth under ordinary circumstances, in the presence of an overwhelming calamity public sentiment sustains the most rigid application of the rule that all men shall be treated and dealt with on an equality. Thus the life of an emigrant in the steerage is appraised as of just as high value as the life of a millionaire in a suite de luxe, and to save the poor man while the other perishes is ever held to be an example of justice and virtue. Ismay says there were only two classes on the Titanic—the passengers and the crew. He is mistaken. There were three—the passengers, the crew and Mr. Ismay himself. The law of the sea is to save passengers first, and that there was no systematic discrimination as between first, second and third cabins is shown by the fact that there were 202, 115 and 178, respectively, of these passengers saved. The Gazette Times is uttering no harsh criticism, and drawing no invidious distinctions when it deplores that remorseless fate and the remarkable circumstance which conspired to carry down to death every conspicuous American excepting William E. Carter, of Philadelphia.

When you read the roster of them, reflect upon their relation to affairs and estimate their potentialities to the community at large. It is impossible to escape a feeling of profound sorrow that such men as these should have been cut off as they were. It is not merely that, as a rule, they were moneyed men, nor yet that several of them were so-called aristocrats. The loss is really to the aristocracy of brains and achievement, the aristocracy of proved ability and demonstrated capacity—that sort of developed manhood which rests upon things done, tasks accomplished and duties faithfully performed. Therefore it is a thousand pities that these men could not be saved somehow. Isador Straus was a New York merchant of the best type, a man of public spirit, a student of social and political conditions, a philanthropist of broad sympathies—one of the three distinguished sons in a family known on two continents. John B. Thayer of Philadelphia was second vice president of the Pennsylvania railroad, in the prime of a brilliant career in the executive department of the greatest railway system in the world. George B. Wick, of Youngstown, was a captain of industry, active in large enterprises, bent upon promoting the progress and embellishment of his home town. Archibald Butt of Augusta, Ga., was a United States soldier with a splendid record since the outbreak of the Spanish war, military aide to two presidents, an officer of superior qualities and fine promise. John Jacob Astor of New York, despite his enormous wealth, it is now related, was much of a worker in the management of his extensive properties and had been taking a notable share in the rebuilding of the metropolis and in its elevation physically, architecturally and artistically. George D. Widener of Philadelphia, a former butcher's son, was the right hand of his father in the expansion of transportation facilities in many cities, the rehabilitation and operation of public utilities companies, etc., and was a creditable representative of the second generation of men who have devoted their energies to anticipating the growing requirements of people in our municipalities. Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk railway, was an Illinois boy, beginning his railroad career nearly 40 years ago, when 17, as clerk and messenger, and climbing by sheer merit until he was at the head of one of the larger systems and was generally acclaimed as one of the best railroad men in his day. Benjamin Guggenheim, of Denver, was one of five sons of a Philadelphia family which laid the basis of its tremendous fortune in superior shoe polish. He and his brothers have had much to do with the development of the west, with pioneering in unopened fields, with mining, smelting, etc. It is interesting to know that on the Titanic Benjamin labored like a Trojan to save others, then stripped himself of life belt and bathrobe which had been put on over his dress suit, and faced death in gentleman's attire. His last thought was of his wife, to whom he sent the message: "Tell her I played the game and died like a man."

It is not strictly accurate to say that men whose interests are so ramified as these, though they died on a perfect equality with crew and steerage, amounted to no more than their less known companions in misfortune. One star differeth from another in glory and so do men differ in their value to the state and the people thereof—just as they differ in mold, features, disposition, attainments, capacity, ability, mental endowment, physical equipment, constructive genius, technical acquirements, etc. The contention that these men, contemplated as a representative group, stand for superiority in manly attributes, is not based upon accident of birth, or hue of blood or inherited wealth, and for proof we need go no farther back than the deck of the Titanic. They were the heroes of that tragic scene, as all accounts testify; and that such an admirable company of successful and stout-hearted Americans should pass out into the shoreless seas in a single night means a national loss that is keenly distressing.

TO CLEAN UP AUSTIN.

State Engineer Makes Report on Condition of Stricken Town.

A report from Harrisburg last Saturday was to the effect that the state health department had not relaxed its vigilance, and will not neglect any precaution to prevent any outbreak of diseases having its origin in the disaster which took 77 lives when the dam above Austin broke and the freed waters swept down on that borough and the neighboring village of Costello. Dr. Dixon will give all the assistance that may be necessary to protect against disease the living inhabitants of Austin as soon as he shall have received the report of an engineer who was sent to the scene of the disaster to make an investigation. This investigation was made not only on the initiative of the health commissioner, but upon the request of the burgess, Michael Murrin. It has been completed, but the report has not been made to the commissioner, says the Potter Democrat.

When the health department corps of workers left Austin and the vicinity the pulp mill and lumber people were cleaning their mills of debris, and were doing it as rapidly and carefully as the state's employes could have done the work, hence Dr. Dixon saw no good reason for keeping them there longer at the expense of the commonwealth. It is learned, however, that land owned by non-residents still holds considerable debris. This must be cleared away. As quickly as the department can obtain the names of the land owners these will be notified to remove the debris and if the notice is not obeyed within a reasonable time the department will clear the land and charge the cost against the property.

Later—State Commissioner of Health Samuel G. Dixon has just received the report of the two men whom he sent to Austin last week to make an extensive investigation into the sanitary conditions there. The men spent three days in making a thorough survey of the town and they report that $25,000 is needed to put it in a sanitary condition. With the approach of warm weather the need of some immediate action becomes more urgent. There are still huge piles of debris everywhere and the decaying animal and vegetable matter in them may cause serious trouble if not attended to at once.

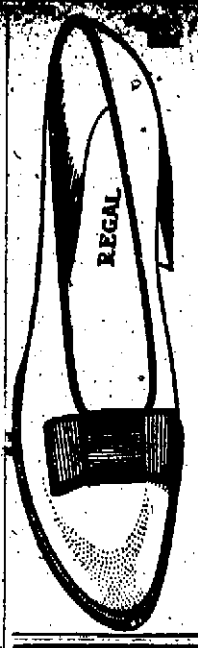
WILL SOON BE OFF THE MAP.

Cross Forks' Last Industry Will Close This Week and Move Away.

The town of Cross Forks, Potter county, will soon be obliterated from the map and the old lumbering town will be only a thought in minds of those who have visited the town when the saw mills and other industries were running full blast. This is the last week for the only industry that has been keeping the town together for some time. The saw mills of the Lackawana Lumber company were removed some few years ago.

The stave and head mill will close up its operations this week and will move to another section of the country. This is the last industry and the people who have made their homes there for years are selling their properties as fast as they can and for just what they can get for them and are moving to other places.

That the properties are selling at a small figure is shown in a deal that was consummated on Saturday. The owner of one of the finest residences in the place visited the hotel and asked the landlord if he did not want to buy his home. He set the price at $200 but when the hotel man offered him $40 he took it in an instant. He then asked what he would give for the vacant lot next to it and a sale was made, the price being $2. This is but a sample of the low figure at which the properties in the town are selling.—Wellsboro Gazette.



NEW REGALS

IN SHOES AND OXFORDS

Black and Tan. Button and Lace.

All Leathers
All Styles
All Sizes
All Widths
All Prices

Try on a Pair.

H. W. Rubin.

THE OLD RELIABLE CLOTHIER

Wanted: One Woman

To send for our Big Catalogue

which will show her how she can furnish her home and clothe herself and family without increasing her expenses. This catalogue illustrates and describes over 500 daily household necessities such as food products, soups, preserves, teas, coffee, chocolates, baking powder, spices, flavoring extracts, toilet and laundry soaps, perfumes, toilet articles, pharmaceutical preparations, polishes, paints, varnish stains, dyes, disinfectants, etc. With orders for these products we will give her equal value in furniture for the bed-room, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, laundry, porch and lawn, and rugs, carpets, curtains, wall-paper, stoves, washing machines, chinaware, glassware, silverware, ornaments, jewelry, etc., also ladies' and misses' waists, suits, skirts, coats, sweaters, furs, fur coats, dresses, dress goods, dressing sacques, underwear and corsets, men's and women's shoes and hosiery and men's and boys' suits and trousers, etc., over 3,000 articles to choose from.

In this way she will get $2.00 in value for each dollar spent with us.

Write today for catalogue explaining this wonderful plan. Mention McKean County Miner

W. & H. Walker, No. 296 Herrs Island, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS than the pantry with locked doors. ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,

PHONE 7.

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey

Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.

It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,

—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—

Smethport, - - - Pa.

SHOES! SHOES!

his is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna

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McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

SPRING TIME IS PAINT TIME

And when you think of Devoe, Fewer Gallons and wear longer. The best is always the cheapest.

We also have SHERWIN-WILLIAMS at $1.85 a. gal.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

HAVE A LOOK

Just a few of the Many prices given below at the up-to-date Grocery.

Best granulated sugar	6½c
6 bars Fells Neptha Soap	25c
7 bars Oak Leaf Soap	25c
Kelloggs Corn Flake 9c, or 3 for	25c
6lbs Oat Flakes	25c
Good Green Tea	38c
Good Uncolored Tea	42c
Good Rio coffee	23c
Good Java coffee	28c
Gold Dust, large size	19c
Pet Milk, large size 9c or 3 for	25c
Post Toasties, large size 9c or 3 for	25c
Corn starch	6c
Arm & Hammer Soda	6c

Fresh fruit and vegetables a specialty

Prompt Delivery Bell 'phone 107

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

SUCCESSOR TO

GEO. W. BRENNAN,

Mason Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 25, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The pavement presents a very neat appearance since its bath.

—Louis Dickenson has accepted a position with Daly & Garlick as clerk.

—John R. Walkinshaw is seriously ill at the B. D. Colegrove home on Green street.

—Mrs. B. D. Colegrove, who has been ill at her home for some time, is improving.

—Enos Southwick brought in a nice basket of trout he caught on Cole creek last Monday.

—Mrs. J. V. McAlpin entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Church street last evening.

—Mrs. Carrie Clark, who has been suffering with typhoid fever for several weeks past, is improving slowly.

—The Epworth League of the M. E. church will hold one of its famous "Penny Socials" to-morrow (Friday) night.

—Mrs. H. C. Wells entertained a number of ladies at bridge whist at her home on the south side yesterday afternoon.

—Charles W. Masser has completed the inventory of his hardware store and opened the same for business this morning.

—John W. Voorhees, who has been seriously ill at his home on Northumberland avenue, is much better at this time.

—Dame rumor has it that a number of Smethport's most charming young ladies are to be married this coming summer and fall.

—Tabor Swedish Lutheran church at Kane, a beautiful new edifice costing $35,000, was dedicated with fitting ceremonies, on Sunday last.

—"Bud" Fisher, creator of Mutt and Jeff cartoons, and Miss Pauline Welch, a pretty little vaudeville actress, were married in New York on last Friday.

—Parole Officer Egan of the Western Penitentiary at Pittsburgh came here last Friday and took Thomas Hussey, who had been out on parole, back with him.

—Mrs. Frank Dunbar underwent a surgical operation at her home in Olean last Friday and her many friends will be pleased to know she is getting along nicely.

"Sommers, the Magician," gave a sleight of hand performance in the Methodist Episcopal chapel Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Men's bible class.

—The Men's Bible Class will give a "Plank Shad Supper" at the M. E. chapel Saturday evening, April 27th. Supper to commence at 5:30, until all are served. Price 35c. Everybody invited.

—Miss Arlendis Languard was given a surprise party at her home last Saturday evening by twenty girl friends. Excellent refreshments were served and a delightful evening was spent.

—Miss Mildred Lyle, one of the nurses at the Kane hospital, underwent an operation at that place last Thursday for appendicitis. Miss Lyle is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Lyle of this place.

—News has reached this place that Andrew Essensa, a lumberman formerly of this vicinity who has many friends in Smethport, died at his home in Bryson City, North Carolina, on Sunday, April 14.

—W. H. Morrison, former sheriff of this county, who was stricken at the court house on Monday of last week, is improving and his many friends have hope for his complete and speedy recovery.

—The Medina, N. Y., M. E. church, of which Rev. W. A. Harris, formerly of this place, is pastor, has been remodeled and redecorated, and on Sunday last the re-opening was celebrated with unusually interesting services.

—A. J. Quimby, at one time editor of the Johnsonburg Breeze, and a well-known and highly respected citizen of Potter county, died at the Buffalo general hospital on Sunday of last week. He was 54 years of age and is survived by six children.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Ruffalo of Youngstown, Ohio, on Sunday, April 21, 1912, a girl. Mrs. Ruffalo was Miss Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McGuire of the Grand Central hotel here, and Mr. Ruffalo is a well-known young attorney, formerly of this place.

—County Commissioner A. R. Cory left on Monday for the Warren Hospital for the Insane taking with him Wallace Kerr, who has been a charge at the County Home for some time. Kerr's condition is not violent, but he is laboring under the impression that he is a detective, and sometimes alarms people by trailing their footsteps too closely.

—Bradford Star: M. F. Melvin, of the Bon Air sanatorium, states that the vaudeville performances recently given in Bradford and other towns will net the institution about $1,300. The net proceeds from the Bradford performances were $550, and the gross receipts in other towns were as follows: Olean, $250; Ridgway, $251; Warren, $334.

—The local lodge of Odd Fellows, band and other visitors will leave here on the regular train on the Kushequa which leaves at 7:20, for Johnsonburg, to attend the I. O. O. F. anniversary celebration to-morrow (Friday). Persons wishing to may leave Johnsonburg at 4:30, or may wait and return on a special train which leaves after the evening entertainment is over with.

James Jeffords, a resident of Sheffield, ended his life Monday by the chloroform route. Despondency which produced temporary insanity, is attributed as the motive for the rash act. At noon at the Union Club in Sheffield, Jeffords ended his life. He procured a bottle containing two ounces of chloroform, then emptied the liquid in a soup bowl, throwing towel over his head in shutting off air, he held his mouth and nose in the dish until the senses were destroyed.

—The International Carnival given by the Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist Episcopal church on Friday night was very successful. Booths were erected displaying the national colors of various countries and refreshments typical of those countries were served by ladies dressed in national costumes. The Japanese booth was presided over by Misses Vinnie Campbell and Mabel Day; the Swedish booth by Mrs. George H. Denning and Miss Margaret Curtis; the Dutch booth by Mrs. Stanley Bright and Miss Carrie Day; and the American booth by the Misses Mary and Olive Richards.

—Charles W. Masser, who has been employed in the hardware store of Daly & Garlick for several years, has purchased the W. B. Means hardware in this place, and will open that place to the public as soon as inventory is completed. Mr. Masser has been in the hardware business ever since his early boyhood and is thoroughly familiar with every branch of the business. He is a capable young man, who tends strictly to business and there is every reason to believe that he will make this venture a success. Mr. Means has not as yet decided what he will go into, but we hope he will decide to remain in Smethport.

—The Butler county authorities and State troopers are scouring the country in search for Tony Feratti, an Italian who is charged with the murder of Joe Minnitti, a fellow countryman, Saturday night. The men had been together earlier in the evening and were on their way to their boarding house when they quarreled. One shot was fired from a revolver and the bullet ploughed through Minnitti's lower jaw into his brain, causing instant death. When the alarm was given the first on the grounds found a five-chamber revolver by the side of the body of Minnitti, with every cartridge loaded. It was evident that both men had drawn their weapons but that Ferratti was the quicker in pulling the trigger.

—Over at Warren on Saturday, the divorce of a Jewish couple, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Devine, occurred in the court house, the proceedings being the first of the kind in this section of the country. They were in charge of Rabbi Kochen of Pittsburgh and Rabbi Reigel, the separation being accomplished without the aid of the court. The proceedings, which were [illegible] interesting and impressive. As in Biblical times the testimony was written on calfskin and with a quill. It required more than three hours to make the inscription and complete the divorce. Harry Devine, who has been serving a sentence in the Warren county jail, only agreed to the divorce being granted when his fine and costs were paid. A $5 bill and a ticket to New York were also given him by his wife's father.

—This morning County Detective E. W. Jones placed under arrest A. H. Pierce, Jr., bartender at the Grand Central Hotel, and John Ganey, bartender at the Imperial Hotel, for furnishing liquor to Frank Carlson, an habitual drunkard. They were given a hearing before Justice A. W. Colegrove and were held for court in the sum of $300 each.

—Herbert Smith, the young boy from Norwich whom County Detective E. W. Jones took to the Elmwood Home last Friday, made his escape from that institution yesterday morning and Mr. Jones received a letter telling him to be on the lookout for him. This noon Mr. Jones received a letter from Probation Officer H. F. Wilbor of Erie stating that the boy had been captured last night at Girard, Pa., seven miles from Elmwood, and returned to Elmwood Home.

—The Senior class of the Smethport high school consists of sixteen members and is one of the largest classes ever graduated from the local high school. The members are: Misses Ellanorah Colegrove, Florence Apple, Christel Comes, Flossie Freeman, Marjorie Gleason, Helen Hamilton, Ruth Hungerford, Helen McGowan, Edith Ottoson, Grace Schoolar and Golda Schoonmaker, and William Brownell, Elvin Burlingame, Harold Day, Edwin Kohn and Ralph White. They have recently elected the following officers: President, Harold Day; valedictorian, William Brownell; salutatorian, Helen Hamilton; donor, Ruth Hungerford; poet, Edwin Kohn; historian, Christel Comes; prophets, Marjorie Gleason and Elvin Burlingame; musician, Flossie Freeman; essayist, Helen McGowan; orator, Ralph White; address to Juniors, Edith Ottoson; class will, Florence Apple; growler, Ellanorah Colegrove; ivy oration, Grace Schoolar; class artist, Golda Schoonmaker. The class flower is pink carnation and the motto is "Unum omnibus, omnis unum."

Bell Bros., Olean, N. Y.

Look for the Four-Leaf clover signs. Every sign introduces to you the luckiest bargain you ever saw—and there are hundreds of them all over the big store for Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

Dr. McClaran, the Bradford Osteopath, will answer calls to Smethport and if necessary will make regular days there twice a week. Telephone or by card. 3t

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

GOOD PASTURE.

I have a good pasture, well fenced, for 25 horses or cattle. Inquire of F. A. SHELANDER, 4t-p Marvindale, Pa.

Positions

We need more graduates to fill the high grade positions offered. Special inducements for next school year. Now is your time. Write for particulars.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

YOU MEN

WHO PREFER

QUALITY to QUANTITY

You who realize that in clothes the BEST is the cheapest, you who appreciate STYLE and superb tailoring should see the fine suits we are offering at

$12.50 to $18.00

CLOTHES OF QUALITY

are the finest popular priced clothes in the market.

High Grade but Not High Priced

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Class Shirts

FRY & COMES

The One Price Store.

Carpets & Draperies

Your attention please to our house furnishing stock for spring.

The cleaning and renewing time is here and you'll likely need some new shades, lace curtains, portiers, rugs, linoleum, oil cloths, etc.

Our stocks are complete just now and values better than we have been able to offer in sometime—This is most noticeable in 9x12 Seamless Velvet Rugs of which we have some very choice patterns at $19.50. We think you would pronounce them bargains at $25.00. Better drop around and see the new stuff. It's worth your while.

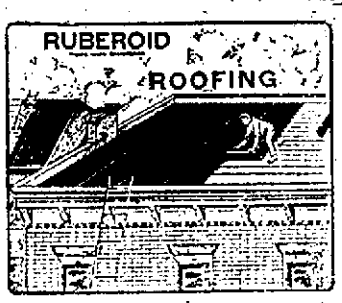
Rugs—18x27 inches to 11 ft. 3 in x 12 ft., $1.25 to $42.50
Fabric Carpets per yard 35c
Linoleum—Mill ends and regular piece goods ..... 45c to 60c
Window Shades—Ecru, White and Green ..... 25c to 85c
Lace curtains—nottingham, irish point, brussels net, etc. 50c to $6.50
Portiers—Latest ideas in color and design ..... $2.50 to $5.50
Curtain Scrims ..... 10c to 38c the yd
Cretonnes ..... 6c to 35c the yd

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, : : : PA.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To Brasted's

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

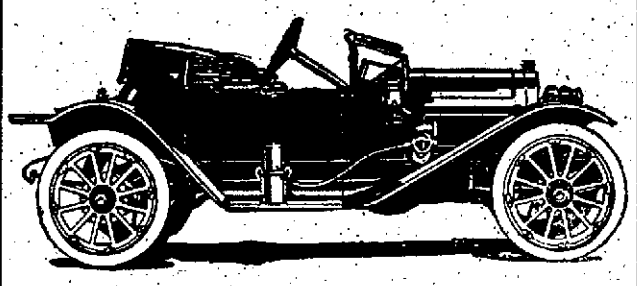
COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

E-M-F. ROADSTER



Amid the noise of much automobile advertising, we will speak quietly. We have something to say. We want men who think to listen.

Years of honest dealing and skillful manufacture have given the name STUDEBAKER a great prestige. It stands, as does a fine man, for honor and square dealing. It has become a principle. Into every E-M-F "30" or Flanders "20" automobile built goes the reputation and integrity of that name and what it stands for.

There are no freak features in either car. Every important part in their design and manufacture is used by a big majority of the best cars built. In them you buy the sum of engineering skill, standardized.

E-M-F Roadster, Touring or Demi-Tonneau, equipped with silk mohair top, slip cover, brass bound wind shield, Stewart Speedometer, Prest-O-Lite Tank, Demountable Rims, with extra spare rim, complete, $1190.00 With Starter, $25.00 extra.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.,

Smethport, . - Pa.

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Produced By [illegible]

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Lieut Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of taxicab prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train.

CHAPTER II—Transcontinental train is taking on passengers Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee business man

CHAPTER III—The elopers have an exciting time getting to the train

CHAPTER IV—"Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in maudlin condition Later Mrs. Jimmie appears.

CHAPTER V—She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs Sammy Whitcomb

CHAPTER VI—Latter blames Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles Classmates of Mallory decorate bridal berth

CHAPTER VII—Rev and Mrs Temple start on a vacation They decide to cut loose and Temple removes evidence of his calling

CHAPTER VIII—Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farewell

CHAPTER IX—Passengers join Mallory's classmates in giving couple wedding hazing

CHAPTER X—Marjorie is distracted over their situation

CHAPTER XI—Ira Lathrop, woman-hating bachelor, discovers an old sweetheart, Anne Gattle, a fellow passenger.

CHAPTER XII—Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers

CHAPTER XIII—Mrs Wellington hears Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs Whitcomb

CHAPTER XIII.

Hostilities Begin.

During Mallory's absence, Marjorie had met with a little adventure of her own Ira Lathrop finished his reencounter with Anne Gattle shortly after Mallory set out stalking clergymen In the mingled confusion of finding his one romantic flame still glowing on a vestal altar, and of shocking her with an escape of profanity, he backed away from her presence, and sank into his own berth

He realized that he was not alone. Somebody was alongside He turned to find the great tear-spent eyes of Marjorie staring at him He rose with a recrudescence of his woman hating wrath, and dashing up the aisle, found the porter just returning from the baggage car He seized the black factotum and growled:

"Say porter, there's a woman in my berth"

The porter chuckled incredulous:

"Woman in yo' berth!"

"Yes—get her out"

"Yassah," the porter nodded, and advanced on Marjorie with a gentle, "'Scuse me, missus—yo' berth is numba one"

"I don't care," snapped Marjorie. "I won't take it"

"But this un belongs to that gentleman"

"He can have mine—ours—Mr Mallory's," cried Marjorie, pointing to the white-ribboned tent in the farther end of the car. Then she gripped the arms of the seat, as if defying eviction. The porter stared at her in helpless chagrin Then he shuffled back and murmured: "I reckon you'd betta put her out"

Lathrop withered the coward with one contemptuous look, and strode down the aisle with a determined grimness He took his ticket from his pocket as a clinching proof of his title, and thrust it out at Marjorie She gave it one indifferent glance, and then her eyes and mouth puckered, as if she had munched a green persimmon, and a long low wail like a distant engine whistle, stole from her lips I a Lathrop stared at her in blank wrath, doddered irresolutely, and roared:

"Ahh let her have it!"

The porter smiled triumphantly, and said: "She says you kin have her berth" He pointed at the bridal arbor. Lathrop almost exploded at the idea.

Now he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to see Little Jimmie Wellington emerging from his berth with an enormous smile

"Say, Pop, have you seen lovely rice-trap? Stick around till she flops."

But Lathrop flung away to the smoking room Little Jimmie turned to the jovial negro:

"Porter, porter"

"I'm right by you."

"What time d'you say we get to Reno?"

"Mawnin' of the fo'th day, sah"

"Well, call me just before we roll in."

And he rolled in. His last words floated down the aisle and met Mrs Little Jimmie Wellington just returning from the Women's Room, where she had ought nepenthe in more than one of her exquisite little cigars The familiar voice, familiarly bibulous, smote her ear with amazement. She beckoned the porter to her anxiously.

"Portor! Porter! Do you know the name of the man who just hurried in?"

"No'm," said the porter. "I reckon he's so broken up he ain't got any name, now."

"It couldn't be," Mrs. Jimmie mused. "Things can be sometimes," said the porter.

"You may make up my berth now," said Mrs. Wellington, forgetting that Anne Gattle was still there. Mrs Wellington hastened to apologize, and begged her to stay, but the spinster wanted to be far away from the disturbing atmosphere of divorce. She was dreaming already with her eyes open, and she sank into number six in a lotus-eater's reverie.

Mrs Wellington gathered certain things together and took up her handbag, to return to the Women's Room. just as Mrs Whitcomb came forth from the curtains of her own berth, where she had made certain preliminaries to disrobing, and put on a light, decidedly negligee negligee

The two women collided in the aisle, whirled on one another, as women do when the hostile recognize each other with [illegible] of amazement, set their [illegible] made a simultaneous dash along the corridor, shoulder wrestling with shoulder They reached the door marked "Women" at the same instant, and as neither would have dreamed of offering the other a courtesy, they squeezed through together in a Kilkenny jumble

THE PORTER FELL ON ONE KNEE AND GOT TO WORK

CHAPTER XIV.

The Dormitory on Wheels.

Of all the shocking institutions in human history, the sleeping car is the most shocking—or would be, if we were not so used to it There can be no doubt that we are the most moral nation on earth, for we admit it ourselves. Perhaps we prove it, too, by the Arcadian prosperity of these two-story hotels on wheels, where miscellaneous travelers dwell in complete promiscuity, and sleep almost side by side, in apartments, or compartments, separated only by a plank and a curtain, and guarded only by one sleepy negro

After the fashion of the famous country whose inhabitants earned a meager sustenance by taking in each other's washing, so in Sleeping Carpathia we attain a meager respectability by everybody's chaperoning everybody else

So topsy turvied, indeed, are our notions, once we are aboard a train, that the staterooms alone are regarded with suspicion, we question the motives of those who must have a room to themselves!—a room with a real door! that locks!

And, now, on this sleeping car, prettily named "Snowdrop," scenes were enacting that would have thrown our great-grandmothers into fits—scenes which, if we found them in France, or Japan, we should view with alarm as almost unmentionable evidence of the moral obliquity of those nations

But this was our own country—the part of it which admits that it is the best part—the mopiest part, the staunch middle west. This was Illinois Yet dozens of cars were beholding similar immodesties in chastest Illinois, and all over the map, thousands of people, in hundreds of cars, were permitting total strangers to view preparations which have always, hitherto, been reserved for the most intimate and legalized relations.

The porter was deftly transforming the day-coach into a narrow lane entirely surrounded by draperies. Behind most of the portieres fluttering in the lightest breeze, and perilously following the hasty passer-by, homely offices were being enacted. The population of this little town was going to bed The porter was putting them to sleep as if they were children in a nursery, and he a black mammy.

The frail walls of little sanctums were bulging with the bodies of people disrobing in the aisle, with nothing between them and the beholder's eye but a clinging curtain that explained what it did not reveal. From apertures here and there disembodied feet were protruding and mysterious hands were removing shoes and other things

Women in risky attire were scooting to one end of the car, and men in shirt sleeves, or less, were hastening to the other.

When Mallory returned to the tending to be—just friends"

"But everybody thinks we're married."

"That's so!" he admitted, with the imbecility of fatigued hope They sat a while listening to the porter slipping sheets into place and thumping pillows into cases, a few doors down the street He would be ready for them at any moment. Something must be done, but what? what?

CHAPTER XV.

A Premature Divorce.

Suddenly Marjorie's heart gave a leap of joy. She was having another idea "I'll tell you, Harry. We'll pretend to quarrel, and then—"

"And then you can leave me in high dudgeon"

The ruse struck him as a trifle unconvincing "Don't you think it looks kind of improbable on—on—such an occasion?"

Marjorie blushed, and lowered her eyes and her voice: "Can you suggest anything better?"

"No, but—"

"Then, we'll have to quarrel, darling"

He yielded for lack of a better idea "All right, beloved. How shall we begin?"

On close approach, the idea did seem rather impossible to her. "How could I ever quarrel with you, my love?" she cooed

He gazed at her with a rush of lovely tenderness: "And how could I ever speak crossly to you?"

We never shall have a harsh word, will we?" she resolved

"Never!" he seconded So that resolution passed the house unanimously

They held hands in luxury a while, then she began again: "Still, we must pretend You start it, love"

"No, you start it," he pleaded

"You ought to," she beamed. "You got me into this mess."

The word slipped out. Mallory started: "Mess! How is it my fault? Good Lord, are you going to begin chucking it up?"

"Well, you must admit, darling," Marjorie urged, "that you've bungled everything pretty badly."

It was so undeniable that he could only groan: "And I suppose I'll hear of this till my dying day, dearest."

Marjorie had a little temper all her own So she defended it: "If you are so afraid of my temper, love, perhaps you'd better call it all off before it's too late."

"I didn't say anything about your temper, sweetheart," Mallory insisted

"You did, too, honey. You said I'd chuck this up till your dying day. As if I had such a disposition! You can stay here." She rose to her feet He pressed her back with a decisive motion, and demanded: "Where are you going?"

"Up in the baggage car with Snoozleums," she sniffled "He's the only one that doesn't find fault with me."

Mallory was stung to action by this crisis: "Wait," he said He leaned out and motioned down the alley. "Porter! Wait a moment, darling. Porter!"

The porter arrived with a half folded blanket in his hands, and his usual "Yassah!"

Beckoning him closer, Mallory mumbled in a low tone: 'Is there an extra berth on this car?"

The porter's eyes seemed to rebuke his ears "Does you want this upper made up?"

"No—of course not"

"Ex—excuse me, I thought—"

"Don't you dare to think!" Mallory thundered. "Isn't there another lower berth?"

The porter breathed hard, and gave this bridal couple up as a riddle that followed no known rules He went to find the sleeping car conductor, and returned with the information that the diagram showed nobody assigned to number three.

"Then I'll take number three," said Mallory, poking money at the porter. And still the porter could not understand

"Now, lemme onderstan' you all," he stammered "Does you both move over to numba three, or does yo'—yo' lady remain heah, while jest you preambulates?"

"Just, I preambulate, you black hound!" Mallory answered, in a threatening tone The porter could understand that, at least, and he bristled away with a meek, "Yessah Numba three is yours, sah"

The troubled features of the baffled porter cleared up as by magic when he arrived at number three, for there he found his tyrant and tormentor, the English invader.

He remembered how indignantly Mr. Wedgewood had refused to show his ticket, how cocksure he was of his number, how he had leased the porter's services as a sort of private nurse, and had paid no advance royalties.

And now he was sprawled and snoring majestically among his many luggages, like a sleeping lion Revenge tasted good to the humble porter; it tasted like a candied yam smothered in 'possum gravy. He smacked his thick lips over this revenge With all the insolence of a servant in brief authority, he gloated over his prey, and prodded him awake Then murmured with hypocritical deference "Excuse me, but could I see yo' ticket for yo' seat?'

"Certainly not' It's too much trouble," grumbled the half sleeper. 'Confound you!'

The porter lured him on: 'Is you sho' you got one?"

Wedgewood was wide awake now, and surly as any Englishman before breakfast: 'Of cawse I'm shaw How dare you?'

"Too bad, but I'm 'bleeged to ask you to gimme a peek at it"

"This is an outrage!"

"Yassah, but I just nachelly got to see it."

Wedgewood gathered himself together, and ransacked his many pockets with increasing anger, muttering under his breath At length he produced the ticket, and thrust it at the porter. 'Thah, you idiot, are you convinced now?'

The porter gazed at the billet with ill-concealed triumph "Yassah. I's convinced," Mr Wedgewood settled back and closed his eyes "I's convinced that you is in the wrong berth!"

'Impossible' I won't believe you' the Englishman raged, getting to his feet in a fury

"Perhaps you'll believe Mista Ticket," the porter chortled "I says numba ten, and that's ten across the way and down the road a piece."

"This is outrageous' I decline to move"

"You may decline, but you move just the same," the porter said, reaching out for his various bags and carryalls. "The train moves and you move with it."

Wedgewood stood fast: "You had no right to put me in here in the first place"

The porter disdained to refute this slander He stumbled down the aisle with the bundles. "It's too bad, it's sutt'nly too bad, but you sholy must come along"

Wedgewood followed, gesticulating violently:

"Here—wait—how dare you! And that berth is made up. I don't want to go to bed now!"

"Yassah, I p'sume so."

"Have I got to go to bed now? Really, I—" but the porter was gone, and the irate foreigner crawled under his curtains, muttering, "I shall write a letter to the London Times about this."

To add to his misery, Mrs. Whitcomb came from the Women's Room, and as she passed him, she prodded him with one sharp elbow and twisted the corner of her heel into his little toe. He thrust his head out with his fiercest, "How dare you!" But Mrs. Whitcomb was fresh from a prolonged encounter with Mrs. Wellington, and she flung back a venomous glare that sent the Englishman to cover.

The porter reveled in his victory till he had to dash out to the vestibule to give vent to hilarious yelps of laughter. When he had regained composure, he came back to Mallory, and bent over him to say:

"Yo' berth is empty, sah. Shall I make it up?"

Mallory nodded, and turned to Marjorie, with a sad, "Good night, darling"

The porter rolled his eyes again, and turned away, only to be recalled by Marjorie's voice: "Porter, take this old handbag out of here."

The porter thought of the vanquished Lathrop, exiled to the smoking room, and he answered: "That belongs to the gemman what owns this berth"

'Put it in number one," Marjorie commanded, with a queenly gesture

The porter obeyed meekly, wondering what would happen next. He had no sooner deposited Lathrop's valise among the incongruous white ribbons, than Marjorie recalled him to say: "And, porter, you may bring me my own baggage."

"Yo what—missus?"

"Our handbags, idiot," Mallory explained, peevishly.

"I ain't seen no handbags of yourn, sah," the porter protested "You all didn't have no handbags when you got on this cah"

Mallory jumped as if he had been shot. 'Good Lord, I remember! We left 'em in the taxicab!'

The porter cast his hands up, and walked away from the tragedy Marjorie stared at Mallory in horror

We had so little time to catch the train,' Mallory stammered Marjorie leaped to her feet. 'I'm going up in the baggage car."

"For the dog?'

'For my trunk,"

And now Mallory annihilated her completely, for he gasped. 'Our trunks are on the train ahead!"

Marjorie fell back for one moment, then bounded to her feet with shrill commands Porter! Porter! I want you to stop this train this minute!"

The porter called back from the depths of a berth: 'This train don't stop till tomorrow noon"

Marjorie had strength enough for only one vain protest. Do you mean to say that I've got to go to San Francisco in this waist—a waist that has seen a whole day in Chicago?"

The best consolation Mallory could offer was companionship in misery. He pushed forward one not too immaculate cuff "Well, this is the only linen I have."

'"Don't speak to me," snapped Marjorie, beating her heels against the floor

'But, my darling!'

'Go away and leave me. I hate you!"

Mallory rose up, and stumbling down the aisle, plounced into berth number three, an allegory of despair.

About this time, Little Jimmie Wellington, having completed more or less chaotic preparations for sleep, found that he had put on his pyjamas hind-side foremost After vain efforts to whirl round quickly and get at his own back, he put out a frowsy head, and called for help.

"Say, Porter, Porter!"

"I'm still on the train," answered the porter, coming into view.

"You'll have to hook me up."

The porter rendered what aid and correction he could in Wellington's hippopotamine toilet Wellington was just wide enough awake to discern the undisturbed bridal-chamber. He whined:

DREW LATHROP'S HEAD AFTER HIS HAIR ACROSS THE SEAT.

"Mista Ticket says, 'Go to baid!'"

"Of all the disgusting countries! Heah, don't put that thah—heah."

The porter flung his load anywhere, and absolved himself with a curt, "I's got otha passengers to wait on now."

"I shall certainly report you to the company," the Englishman fumed.

"Yassah, I p'sume so."

"Have I got to go to bed now? Really, I—" but the porter was gone, and the irate foreigner crawled under his curtains, muttering, "I shall write a letter to the London Times about this."

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"I ain't seen no handbags of yourn, sah," the porter protested "You all didn't have no handbags when you got on this cah"

Mallory jumped as if he had been shot. 'Good Lord, I remember! We left 'em in the taxicab!'

The porter cast his hands up, and walked away from the tragedy Marjorie stared at Mallory in horror

We had so little time to catch the train,' Mallory stammered Marjorie leaped to her feet. 'I'm going up in the baggage car."

"For the dog?'

'For my trunk,"

And now Mallory annihilated her completely, for he gasped. 'Our trunks are on the train ahead!"

Marjorie fell back for one moment, then bounded to her feet with shrill commands Porter! Porter! I want you to stop this train this minute!"

The porter called back from the depths of a berth: 'This train don't stop till tomorrow noon"

Marjorie had strength enough for only one vain protest. Do you mean to say that I've got to go to San Francisco in this waist—a waist that has seen a whole day in Chicago?"

The best consolation Mallory could offer was companionship in misery. He pushed forward one not too immaculate cuff "Well, this is the only linen I have."

'"Don't speak to me," snapped Marjorie, beating her heels against the floor

'But, my darling!'

'Go away and leave me. I hate you!"

Mallory rose up, and stumbling down the aisle, plounced into berth number three, an allegory of despair.

About this time, Little Jimmie Wellington, having completed more or less chaotic preparations for sleep, found that he had put on his pyjamas hind-side foremost After vain efforts to whirl round quickly and get at his own back, he put out a frowsy head, and called for help.

"Say, Porter, Porter!"

"I'm still on the train," answered the porter, coming into view.

"You'll have to hook me up."

The porter rendered what aid and correction he could in Wellington's hippopotamine toilet Wellington was just wide enough awake to discern the undisturbed bridal-chamber. He whined:

"Say, porter, that rice-trap. Aren't they going to flop the rice-trap?"

The porter shook his head sadly. "Don't look like that flopper's a'goin to flip That dog-on bridal couple is done divorced a'ready!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Good Night, All!

The car was settling gradually into peace. But there was still some murmur and drowsy energy. Shoes continued to drop, heads to bump against upper berths, the bell to ring now and then, and ring again and again.

The porter paid little heed to it; he was busy making up number five (Ira Lathrop's berth) for Marjorie, who was making what preparations she could for her trousseauless, husbandless, dogless first night out.

Finally the Englishman, who had almost rung the bell dry of electricity, shoved from his berth his indignant and undignified head. Once more the car resounded with the cry of "Paw-tah' Pawtah!"

The porter moved up with noticeable deliberation. "Did you ring, sah?'

"Did I ring' Paw-tah, you may draw my tub at eight-thutty in the mawning."

"Draw yo'—what, sah?" the porter gasped

'My tub"

"Ba-ath tub?"

"Bahth tub."

"Lawdy, man. Is you allowin' to take a ba-ath in the mawnin'?"

"Of course I am"

"Didn't you have one befo' you stahted?"

"How dare you! Of cawse I did."

"Well, that's all you git."

"Do you mean to tell me that there is no tub on this beastly train?" Wedgewood almost fell out of bed with the shock of this news

"We do not carry tubs—no, sah. There's a lot of tubs in San Francisco, though."

"No tub on this train for four days!" Wedgewood sighed. "But whatever does one do in the meanwhile?"

"One just waits. Yassah, one and all waits."

"It's ghahstly, that's what it is, ghahstly."

"Yassah," said the porter, and mumbled as he walked away, "but the weather is gettin' cooler."

He finished preparing Marjorie's bunk, and was just suggesting that Mallory retreat to the smoking room while number three was made up, when there was a commotion in the corridor, and a man in checked overalls dashed into the car

His ear was slightly red, and he held at arm's length, as if it were a venomous monster, Snoozleums 'And he yelled.

"Say, whose durn dog is this? He bit two men, and he makes so much noise we can't sleep in the baggage car"

Marjorie went flying down the aisle to reclaim her lost lamb in wolf's clothing, and Snoozleums, the returned prodigal, yelped and leaped, and told her all about the indignities he had been subjected to, and his valiant struggle for liberty

Marjorie seeing only Snoozleums, stepped into the fatal berth number one, and paid no heed to the dangling ribbons Mallory, eager to restore himself to her love by loving her dog, crowded closer to her side, making a hypocritical ado over the pup

Everybody was popping his or her face out to learn the cause of such clamor. Among the bodiless heads suspended along the curtains, like Dyak trophies, appeared the great mask of Little Jimmie Wellington He had been unable to sleep for mourning the wanton waste of that lovely rice-trap

When he peered forth, his eyes hardly believed themselves The elusive bride and groom were actually in the trap—the hen pheasant and the chanticleer But the net did not fall. He waited to see them sit down, and spring the infernal machine But they would not sit.

In fact, Marjorie was muttering to Harry—tenderly, now, since he had won her back by his efforts to console Snoozleums—she was muttering tenderly:

"We must not be seen together, honey. Go away, I'll see you in the morning."

And Mallory was saying with bitterest resignation: "Good night—my friend."

And they were shaking hands! This incredible bridal couple was shaking hands with itself—disintegrating! Then Wellington determined to do at least his duty by the sacred rites

The gaping passengers saw what was probably the largest pair of pajamas in Chicago They saw Little Jimmie, smothering back his giggles like a schoolboy, tiptoe from his berth, enter the next berth, brushing the porter aside, climb on the seat, and clutch the ribbon that pulled the stopper from the trap

Down upon the unsuspecting elopers came this miraculous cloudburst of ironical rice, and with it came Little Jimmie Wellington, who lost what little balance he had, and catapulted into their midst like the offspring of an iceberg

It was at this moment that Mrs. Wellington, hearing the loud cries of the panic-stricken Marjorie, rushed from the Women's Room, absent mindedly combing a totally detached section of her hair. She recognized familiar pyjamas waving in air, and with one faint gasp: "Jimmie! on this train!" she swooned away She would have fallen, but seeing that no one paid any attention to her, she recovered consciousness on her own hook, and vanished into her berth, to meditate on the whys and wherefores of her husband's presence in this car.

Dr. Temple in a nightgown and trousers; Roger Ashton, in a collarless estate, and the porter, managed to extricate Mr. Wellington from his plight, and stow him away, though it was like putting a whale to bed.

Mallory, seeing that Marjorie had fled, vented his wild rage against fate in general, and rice traps in particular, by tearing the bridal bungalow to pieces, and then he stalked into the

smoking room, where Ira Lathrop, homeless and dispossessed, was sound asleep, with his feet in the chair.

He was dreaming that he was a boy in Brattleboro, the worst boy in Brattleboro, trying to get up the courage to spark pretty Anne Gattle, and throwing rocks at the best boy in town, Charlie Selby, who was always at her side. The porter woke Ira, an hour later, and escorted him to the late bridal section.

Marjorie had fled with her dog, as soon as she could grope her way through the deluge of rice. She hopped into her berth, and spent an hour trying to clear her hair of the multitudinous grains. And as for Snoozleums, his thick wool was so be-riced that for two days, whenever he shook himself, he sneezed.

Eventually, the car quieted, and nothing was heard but the rumble and click of the wheels on the rails, the

"QUICK—HIDE HIM—HURRY!" SHE GASPED.

creak of timbers, and the frog-like chorus of a few well-trained snorers. As the porter was turning down the last of the lights, a rumpled pate was thrust from the stateroom, and the luscious-eyed man whispered:

"Porter, what time did you say we crossed the Iowa state line?"

"Two fifty-five a. m."

From within the stateroom came a deep sigh, then with a dismal groan: "Call me at two fifty-five a. m.," the door was closed.

Poor Mallory, pyjamaless and nightshirtless, lay, propped up on his pillows, staring out of the window at the swiftly shifting night scene. The state of Illinois was being pulled out from under the train like a dark rug.

Farmhouses gleamed or dreamed lampless. The moonlight rippled on endless seas of wheat and Indian corn. Little towns slid up and away. Large towns rolled forward, and were left behind. Ponds, marshes, brooks, pastures, thickets and great gloomy groves flowed past as on a river. But the same stars and the moon seemed to accompany the train. If the dying witness had been less heavy of heart, he would have found the reeling scene full of grace and night beauty. But he could not see any charm in all the world, except his tantalizing other self, from whom a great chasm seemed to divide him, though she was only two windows away.

He had not yet fallen asleep, and he was still pondering how to attain his unmarried, unmarriable bride, when the train rolled out in air above a great wide river, very noble under the stars. He knew it for the Mississippi. He heard a faint knocking on a door at the other end of the car. He heard sounds as of kisses, and then somebody tiptoed along the aisle stealthily. He did not know that another bridegroom was being separated from his bride because they were too much married.

Somewhere in Iowa he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

Last Call for Breakfast.

It was still Iowa when Mallory awoke. Into his last moments of heavy sleep intruded a voice like a town-crier's voice, crying:

"Lass call for breakfuss in the Rining Rar," and then, again louder, "Lass call for breakfuss in Rinin-rar," and, finally and faintly, "Lass-call breakfuss ri'rar."

Mallory pushed up his window-shade. The day was broad on rolling prairies like billows established in the green soil. He peeked through his curtains. Most of the other passengers were up and about, their beds bidden and beddings stowed away behind the bellying veneer of the upper-works of the car. All the berths were made up except his own and number two, in the corner, where Little Jimmie Wellington's nose still played a bagpipe monody, and one other berth, which he recognized as Marjorie's.

His belated sleep and hers had spared them both the stares and laughing chatter of the passengers. But this bridal couple's two berths, standing like towers among the seats, had provided conversation for everybody, had already united the casual group of strangers into an organized gossip-bee.

Mallory got into his shoes and as much of his clothes as was necessary for the dash to the washroom, and took on his arm the rest of his wardrobe. Just as he issued from his lonely chamber, Marjorie appeared from hers, much disheveled and heavy-eyed. The bride and groom exchanged glances of mutual terror, and hurried in opposite directions.

The spickest and spannest of lieutenants soon realized that he was reduced to wearing yesterday's linen as well as yesterday's beard. This was intolerable. A brave man can endure heartbreaks, loss of love, honor and place, but a neat man cannot abide the traces of time in his toilet. Lieutenant Mallory had seen rough service in camp and on long hikes, when he gloried in mud and disorder, and he was to see campaigns in the Philippines, when he should not take off his shoes or his uniform for three days at a time. But that was the field, and this car was a drawing room.

In this crisis in his affairs, Little Jimmie Wellington waddled into the men's room, floundering about with every lurch of the train, like a cannon loose in the hold of a ship. He fumbled with the handles on a basin, and made a crazy toilet, trying to find some abatement of his fever by filling a glass at the ice-water tank and emptying it over his head.

These drastic measures restored him to some sort of coherency, and Mallory appealed to him for help in the matter of linen. Wellington effusively offered him everything he had, and Mallory selected from his store half a dozen collars, any one of which would have gone round his neck nearly twice.

Wellington also proffered his safety razor, and made him a present of a virgin wafer of steel for his very own.

With this assistance, Mallory was enabled to make himself fairly presentable. When he returned to his seat, the three curtained rooms had been whisked away by the porter. There was no place now to hide from the passengers.

He sat down facing the feminine end of the car, watching for Marjorie. The passengers were watching for her, too, hoping to learn what unheard-of incident could have provoked the quarrel that separated a bride and groom at this time, of all times.

To the general bewilderment Marjorie appeared. Mallory and [illegible] rushed together and [illegible] with an ardor that [illegible] for even more ar[illegible] passengers almost sprained their ears to hear how they would make up such a dreadful feud. But all they heard was: "We'll have to hurry, Marjorie, if we want to get any breakfast."

"All right, honey. Come along."

Then the inscrutable couple scurried up the aisle, and disappeared in the corridor, leaving behind them a mighty riddle. They kissed in the corridor of that car, kissed in the vestibule, kissed in the two corridors of the next car, and were caught kissing in the next vestibule by the new conductor.

The dining car conductor, who flattered himself that he knew a bride and groom when he saw them, escorted them grandly to a table for two, and the waiter fluttered about them with extraordinary consideration.

They had a plenty to talk of in prospect and retrospect. They both felt sure that a minister lurked among the cars somewhere, and they ate with a zest to prepare for the ceremony, arguing the best place for it, and quarreling amorously over details. Mallory was for one of the vestibules as the scene of their union, but Marjorie was for the baggage car, till she realized that Snoozleums might be unwilling to attend. Then she swung round to the vestibule, but Mallory shifted to the observation platform.

Marjorie had left Snoozleums with Mrs. Temple, who promised to hide him when the new conductor passed through the car, and she reminded Harry to get the waiter to bring them a package of bones for their only "child," so far.

On the way back from the dining car they kissed each other good-bye again at all the trysting places they had sanctified before. The sun was radiant, the world good, and the very train ran with jubilant rejoicing. They could not doubt that a few more hours would see them legally man and wife.

Mallory restored Marjorie to her place in their car, and with smiles of assurance, left her for another parson-hunt through the train. She waited for him in a bridal agitation. He ransacked the train forward in vain, and returned, passing Marjorie with a shake of the head, and a sour countenance. He went out to the observation platform where he stumbled on Ira Lathrop and Anne Gattle, engaged in a conversation of evident intimacy, for they jumped when he opened the door, as if they were guilty of some plot.

Mallory mumbled his usual, "Excuse me," [illegible] dragged his disconsolate steps [illegible] through the Observation Room, where various women and a few men of evident unclericality were draped across arm chairs and absorbed in lazy conversation or bobbing their heads over magazines that trembled with the motion of the train.

Mrs. Wellington was busily writing at the desk, but he did not know who she was, and he did not care whom she was writing to. He did not observe the baleful glare of Mrs. Whitcomb, who sat watching Mrs. Wellington, knowing all too well who she was, and suspecting the correspondent—Mrs. Whitcomb was tempted to spell the word with one "r."

Mallory stumbled into the men's portion of the composite car. Here he nodded with a sickly cheer to the sole occupant, Dr. Temple, who was looking less ministerial than ever in an embroidered skull cap. The old rascal was sitting far back on his lumbar vertebræ. One of his hands clasped a long glass filled with a liquid of a hue that resembled something stronger than what it was—mere ginger ale. The other hand toyed with a long black cigar. The smoke curled round the old man's head like the fumes of a sultan's narghile, and through the wisps his face was one of Oriental luxury.

Mallory's eyes were caught from this picture of beatitude by the entrance, at the other door, of a man who had evidently swung aboard at the most recent stop—for Mallory had not seen him. His gray hair was crowned with a soft black hat, and his spare frame was swathed in a frock coat that had seen better days. His soft gray eyes seemed to search timidly the smoke-clouded atmosphere, and he had a bashful air which Mallory translated as one of diffidence in a place where liquors and cigars were dispensed.

With equal diffidence Mallory advanced and in a low tone accosted the newcomer cautiously:

"Excuse me—you look like a clergyman."

"The hell you say!"

Mallory pursued the question no further.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the Composite Car.

It was the gentle stranger's turn to miss his guess. He bent over the chair into which Mallory had flopped, and said in a tense, low tone: "You look like a thoroughbred sport. I'm trying to make up a game of stud poker. Will you join me?"

Mallory shook his heavy head in refusal, and with dull eyes watched the man, whose profession he no longer misunderstood, saunter up to the blissful Doctor from Ypsilanti, and murmur again:

"Will you join me?"

"Join you in what, sir?" said Dr. Temple, with alert courtesy.

"A little game."

"I don't mind," the doctor smiled, rising with amiable readiness. "The checkers are in the next room."

"Quit y'r kiddin'," the stranger coughed. "How about a little freeze-out?"

"Freeze out?" said Dr. Temple. "It sounds interesting. Is it something [illegible] a quick glance

CALMLY TORE IT DOWN THE MIDDLE.

at this man, whose innocent air he suspected. But he merely drawled: "Well, you play it with cards."

"Would you mind teaching me the rules?" said the old sport from Ypsilanti.

The gambler was growing suspicious of this too, too childlike innocence. He whined: "Say, what's your little game, eh?" but decided to risk the venture. He sat down at a table, and Dr. Temple, bringing along his glass, drew up a chair. The gambler took a pack of cards from his pocket, and shuffled them with a snap that startled Dr. Temple and a dexterity that delighted him.

"Go on, it's beautiful to see," he explained. The gambler set the pack down with the one word "Cut!" but since the old man made no effort to comply, the gambler did not insist. He took up the pack again and ran off five cards to each place with a grace that staggered the doctor.

Mallory was about to intervene for the protection of the guileless physi[illegible] The gambler, seeing him, stabbed Dr. Temple's cards from his hand and slipped the pack into his pocket.

"What's the matter now?" Dr. Temple asked, but the newcomer huskily answered: "Wait a minute. Wait a minute."

The conductor took in the scene at a glance and, stalking up to the table, spoke with the grimness of a sea-captain: "Say, I've got my eye on you. Don't start nothin'."

The stranger stared at him wonderingly and demanded: "Why, what you drivin' at?"

"You know all right," the conductor growled, and then turned on the befuddled old clergyman, "and you, too."

"Me, too?" the preacher gasped.

"Yes, you too," the conductor repeated, shaking an accusing forefinger under his nose. "Your actions have been suspicious from the beginning. We've all been watching you."

Dr. Temple was so agitated that he nearly let fall his secret. "Why, do you realize that I'm a—"

"Ah, don't start that," sneered the conductor, "I can spot a gambler as far as I can see one. You and your side partner here want to look out, that's all, or I'll drop you at the next tank." Then he walked out, his very shoulder blades uttering threats.

Dr. Temple stared after him, but the gambler stared at Dr. Temple with a homage. "So you're one of us," he said, and seizing the old man's limp hand, shook it heartily: "I got to slip it to you. Your make-up is great. You nearly had me for a come-on. Great!"

And then he sauntered out, leaving the clergyman's head swimming. Dr. Temple turned to Mallory for explanations, but Mallory only waved him away. He was not quite convinced himself. He was convinced only that whatever else anybody might be, nobody apparently desired to be a clergyman in these degenerate days.

The conductor returned and threw into Dr. Temple the glare of two basilisk eyes. The old man put out a beseeching hand and began:

"My good man, you do me a grave injustice."

The conductor snapped back: "You say a word to me and I'll do you worse than that. And if I spot you with a pack of cards in your hand again, I'll tie you to the cow-ketcher."

Then he marched off again. The doctor fell back into a chair, trying to figure it out. Then Ashton and Fosdick and little Jimmie Wellington and Wedgewood strolled in and, dropping into chairs, ordered drinks. Before the doctor could ask anybody to explain, Ashton was launched on a story. His mind was a suitcase full of anecdotes, mostly of the smoking-room order.

Wherever three or four men are gathered together, they rapidly organize a clearing-house of off-color stories. The doctor listened in spite of himself, and in spite of himself he was amused, for stories that would be stupid if they were decent, take on a certain verve and thrill from their very forbiddenness.

The dear old clergyman felt that it would be priggish to take flight, but he could not make the corners of his mouth behave. Strange twitchings of the lips and little steamy escapes of giggle-jets disturbed him. And when Ashton, who was a practiced raconteur, finished a drolatic adventure with the epilogue, "And the next morning they were at Niagara Falls," the old doctor was helpless with laughter. Some superior force, the devil no doubt, fairly shook him with glee.

"Oh, that's bully," he shrieked, "I haven't heard a story like that for ages."

"Why, where have you been, Dr. Temple?" asked Ashton, who could not imagine where a man could have concealed himself from such stories. But he laughed loudest of all when the doctor answered: "You see, I live in Ypsilanti. They don't tell me stories like that."

"They—who?" said Fosdick.

"Why, my pa—my patients," the doctor explained, and laughed so hard that he forgot to feel guilty, laughed so hard that his wife in the next room heard him and giggled to Mrs. Whitcomb:

"Listen to dear Walter. He hasn't laughed like that since he was a—a

"What's good?" Dr. Temple demanded, wiping his streaming eyes and nudging the solemn-faced Englishman, who understood his own nation's humor, but had not yet learned the Yankee quirks.

Wedgewood made a hollow effort at laughter and answered: "Extremely—very droll, but what I don't quite get was—why the porter said—" The others drowned him in a roar of laughter, but Ashton was angry. "Why, you blamed fool, that's where the joke came in. Don't you see, the bridegroom said to the bride—" then he lowered his voice and diagramed the story on his fingers.

Mrs. Temple was still shaking with sympathetic laughter, never dreaming what her husband was laughing at. She turned to Mrs. Whitcomb, but Mrs. Whitcomb was still glaring at Mrs. Wellington, who was still writing with flying fingers and underscoring every other word.

"Some people seem to think they own the train," Mrs. Whitcomb raged. "That creature has been at the writing desk an hour. The worst of it is, I'm sure she's writing to my husband."

Mrs. Temple looked shocked, but another peal of laughter came through the partition between the male and female sections of the car, and she beamed again. Then Mrs. Wellington finished her letter, glanced it over, addressed an envelope, sealed and stamped it with a deliberation that maddened Mrs. Whitcomb. When at last she rose, Mrs. Whitcomb was in the seat almost before Mrs. Wellington was out of it.

Mrs. Wellington paused at another wave of laughter from the men's room. She commented petulantly:

"What good times men have. They've formed a club in there already. We women can only sit around and hate each other."

"Why, I don't hate anybody, do you?" Mrs. Temple exclaimed, looking up from the novel she had found on the book shelves. Mrs. Wellington dropped into the next chair:

"On a long railroad journey I hate everybody. Don't you hate long journeys?"

"It's the first I ever took," Mrs. Temple apologized, radiantly, "and I'm having the—what my oldest boy would call the time of my life. And dear Walter—such goings on for him! A few minutes ago I strolled by the door and I saw him playing cards with a stranger, and smoking and drinking, too, all at once."

"Boys will be boys," said Mrs. Willington.

"But for Dr. Temple of all people—"

"Why shouldn't a doctor? It's a shame the way men have everything. Think of it, a special smoking room. And women have no place to take a puff except on the sly."

Mrs. Temple stared at her in awe: "The woman in this book smokes!—perfumed things!"

"All women smoke nowadays," said Mrs. Wellington, carelessly. "Don't you?"

The politest thing Mrs. Temple could think of in answer was: "Not yet."

"Really!" said Mrs. Wellington, "Don't you like tobacco?"

"I never tried it."

"It's time you did. I smoke cigars myself."

Mrs. Temple almost collapsed at this double shock: "Ci—cigars?"

"Yes; cigarettes are too strong for me; will you try one of my pets?"

Mrs. Temple was about to express her repugnance at the thought, but Mrs. Wellington thrust before her a portfolio in which nestled such dainty shapes of such a warm and winsome brown, that Mrs. Temple paused to stare, and, like Mother Eve, found the fruit of knowledge too interesting once seen to reject with scorn. She hung over the cigar case in hesitant excitement one moment too long. Then she said in a trembling voice: "I—I should like to try once—just to see what it's like. But there's no place."

Mrs. Wellington felt that she had already made a proselyte to her own beloved vice, and she rushed her victim to the precipice: "There's the observation platform, my dear. Come on out."

Mrs Temple was shivering with dismay at the dreadful deed: "What would they say in Ypsilanti?"

"What do you care? Be a sport. Your husband smokes. If it's right for him, why not for you?"

Mrs. Temple set her teeth and crossed the Rubicon with a resolute "I will!"

Mrs. Wellington led the timid neophyte along the wavering floor of the car and flung back the door of the observation car. She found Ira Lathrop holding Anne Gattle's hand and evidently explaining something of great importance, for their heads were very close together. They rose and with abashed faces and confused mumblings of half swallowed explanations, left the platform to Mrs. Wellington and her new pupil.

Shortly afterward Little Jimmie Wellington grew restive and set out for a brief constitutional and a breath of air. He carried a siphon to which he had become greatly attached, and made heavy going for the observation room, but reached the door in fairly good order. He swung it open and brought in with it the pale and wavering ghost of Mrs. Temple, who had been leaning against it for much-needed support. Wellington was stupefied to observe smoke pouring round Mrs. Temple's form, and he resolved to perform a great life-saving feat. He decided that the poor little woman was on fire and he poised the siphon like a fire extinguisher, with the acute intention of putting her out.

He pressed the handle, and a stream of vichy shot from the nozzle.

Fortunately, his aim was so very wobbly that none of the extinguisher touched Mrs. Temple.

Wellington was about to play the siphon at her again when he saw her take from her lips a toy cigar and emit a stream of cough-shaken smoke. The poor little experimentalist was too wretched to notice even so large a menace as Wellington. She threw the cigar away and gasped:

"I think I've had enough."

From the platform came a voice very well known to Little Jimmie. It said: "You'll like the second one better."

Mrs. Temple shuddered at the thought, but Wellington drew himself up majestically and called out:

"Like second one better, eh? I supposhe it's the same way with husbandsh."

Then he stalked back to the smoking room, feeling that he had annihilated his wife, but knowing from experience that she always had a come-back. He knew it would be good, but he was afraid to hear it. He rolled into the smoking room, and sprawling across Doctor Temple's shoulders, dragged him from the midst of a highly improper story with alarming news.

"Doc, your wife looks kind o' seedy. Better go to her at once."

Dr. Temple leaped to his feet and ran to his wife's aid. He found her a dismal, ashen sight.

"Sally! What on earth ails you?"

"Been smok-oking," she hiccoughed.

The world seemed to be crashing round Dr. Temple's head. He could only gurgle, "Sally!"

Mrs. Temple drew herself up with weak defiance: "Well, I saw you playing cards and drinking."

In the presence of such innocent deviltry he could only smile: "Aren't we having an exciting vacation? But to think of you smoking!—and a cigar!"

She tossed her head in pride. "And it didn't make me sick—much." She clutched a chair. He tried to support her. He could not help pondering: "What would they say in Yp-hip-silanti?"

"Who cares?" she laughed. "I—I wish the old train wouldn't rock so."

"I—I've smoked too much, too," said Dr. Temple with perfect truth, but Mrs. Temple, remembering that long glass she had seen, narrowed her eyes at him: "Are you sure it was the smoke?"

"Sally!" he cried, in abject horror at her implied suspicion.

Then she turned a pale green. "Oh, I feel such a qualm."

"In your conscience, Sally?"

"No, not in my conscience. I think I'll go back to my berth and lie down."

"Let me help you, Mother."

And Darby and Joan hurried along the corridor, crowding it as they were crowding their vacation with belated experience.

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E. W. STRONG

H. Vedder of Bradford was in town Saturday.

Miss Fayette Arnold is visiting her parents in Eldred.

Mrs. Mary L. Glaett was a Bradford visitor Monday.

John Lindholm was a Kane visitor a few days last week.

Attorney A. P. Huey of Kane is in town on business to-day.

J. B. Oviatt of Norwich was a visitor in town on Monday.

Frank Boyd was over from Bradford on business Saturday.

Turnkey M. W. Gibbs spent Sunday with Bradford friends.

Geo. W. Mitchell was a business visitor at Kane last Friday.

Miss Elsie Marks of Marvindale is the guest of Miss Elsie Sherer.

C. S. King of Port Allegany had business in Smethport on Monday.

Miss Carrie M. Nelson of Kane is visiting at the home of John Carlson.

W. F. Potter of the Bradford Star-Record was a Smethport visitor last Saturday.

Mrs. W. S. Gibson of Bradford was the guest of Mrs. M. C. Bain last Thursday.

Fred W. McElroy of Lockport, N. Y. was a brief visitor in town one day last week.

Sheriff M. C. Bain and Herman Tull were business visitors in Port Allegany last Saturday.

Mrs. Samuel Green is in Olean today the guest of her daughter, Mrs. William P. Mitchell.

Walter Digel of Olean was the guest of Farmers Valley relatives and friends over Sunday.

Mrs. A. H. Pierce, Jr., has returned from a visit with friends and relatives at Allegany, N. Y.

H. W. Rubin left this morning for Renova where he will spend Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. Sol Marks.

Miss Hallie Walker and Miss Genevieve Manwaring left last Saturday for a week's visit in New York city.

Miss Elizabeth Sheehan of Ridgway came to Smethport Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Parker.

Mrs. Mary Hussey has returned from Buffalo where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. John J. Miller.

Messrs. Hooke, Cornelius and Bennett, who have been working on the jail, have returned to their homes in Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Finney and Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Isherwood are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells this week.

Miss Winifred Roeder has left for Washington, D. C., where she will attend the annual meeting of the National Baptist Missionary society.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hopper and children of Bradford and Mr. and Mrs. Anton Anderson and son of New York are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Thomas of this place.

MacArthur Gorton was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton, enroute from his former location in Detroit, Mich., to New York city, where he has secured a responsible position.

Joseph Foster of Marvin creek has returned home from Alden, N. Y., where he has been taking the black water baths for three weeks. Mr. Foster says he is much improved from his treatment.

Among the Smethport people that were Bradford visitors last week are the following: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Morrison and son, Tom; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lee, Mrs. James A. McKean, Miss Margaret Curtis, Miss Irma Wells, Miss Orro Gleason, Miss Carrie Day, Miss Marie Purtle, Harold Day and William Brownell.

MEMORIAL.

Our friend and comrade John Rooney, has answered the final roll call and passed beyond the River.

By his departure our Fire Department has been deprived of the services and advice of one of its oldest members; one who has always been active, efficient and devoted to its interests from the time of its organization. Our community has lost an honest, capable and industrious citizen, and his son a kind and loving father.

We greatly regret his removal, and tender to his son, in his bereavement our heartfelt expression of sorrow and sympathy.

Resolved that the above be spread on the minutes of the Department, and a copy thereof be sent to his son, and to each of the local newspapers for publication.

C. B. CORWIN,
E. A. HAMILTON,
J. P. DEVLIN,
Committee.

Smethport, Pa., April 22, 1912.

AUTHOR WAS A PROPHET.

Morgan Robertson Describes Titanic Disaster in a Novel in 1898.

In a graphic story written in 1898 and published in book form at that time, Morgan Robertson described in prophetic detail the disaster of the world's greatest steamship. The fidelity with which Mr. Robertson's story coincides with the actualities of the Titanic wreck, is almost uncanny. Even in selecting the name of the

Names of the Ships.

In Mr. Robertson's story "The Titan" is the world's largest and most palatial vessel. So was the Titanic.

"The Titan" was supposed to be unsinkable and indestructable. So was the Titanic.

"The Titan" was speeding along the northern course of the Atlantic when it struck an iceberg. Just as the Titanic did in actuality.

"The Titan" in the story was wrecked in the month of April, just as the Titanic was wrecked—fourteen years later.

The wreck in the story occurred in just about the same latitude as the spot in which the Titanic was wrecked.

On "The Titan" in the story there were not enough lifeboats. Neither were there on the Titanic.

Th greater number of the 2,000 passengers on "The Titan" in the story were lost. The number coincides with fatal accuracy to the losses on the Titanic.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Committees Appointed for Memorial Day by McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R.

General—H. M. Choate, J. Colegrove, S. S. Provin.

Speaker—Hon. T. A. Morrison, Hon. J. W. Bouton.

Music—Dr. H. L. McCoy.

Band—E. W. Strong.

Flowers—Daughters of the American Revolution.

Carriages—H. H. Redfield, J. C. Backus.

Cemeteries—S. G. Bush, H. L. Burlingame.

President of the Day—Ralph E. Burdick.

Marshal—Sheridan Gorton.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending April 20th, 1912:

Allen, Mr. Walter; Beers, Mr. Clyde Beck, Fred; Beitler, Chas.; Bessle, Henry; Black, Lawrence; Brockham, Mr. Frank; Brown, Julius; Carpenter, G.; Dekay, Jas.; Dickerson, F. B.; Doyle, Mr. Mike; Estri, Mr. O. J.; Fitch, Reuben; Frey, Oscar; Geysinger, Chas.; Jacobs, Mr. Fred; McCabe, T.; McClenahan, L. V.; McCoy, Teddy; Michaln, A. (2); Norton, Lester; Pierman, Leo; Ray, Mrs. R.; Riley, Jno.; Schleiff, Geo.; Schoonover, G. B. (2); Van Horn, Phoebe J.; Willis, Mr. O. R.; Windsor, W. H.; Woodard, Mr. H.; Young, Chas.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

NOTICE.

My wife, Adaline V. Carpenter, having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby warn all persons not to harbor or trust her on my account, for I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her.

3t —E. S. CARPENTER.

FOR SALE.

A farm of 96 6-10 acres on Pierce Brook in Keating township, known as the Joe McGill place. Price $2000. Terms cash.

JOHN FORREST,
3-21-tf Smethport, Pa.

FOR SALE.

Anyone in need of anything in the line of household goods inquire of

H. C. WELLS,
Cemetery St.

1 oak bed room suit,
Leather Library furniture,
Carpets, Rugs, Stands, Stove, etc.
Also farming implements and horse, cows, carriage, harnesses, etc.
All in good condition.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES.

Bride's Love of a Clay Pipe.

Rather than give up smoking her cherished clay pipe an Irish bride named Johanna Wood has left the workhouse at Faversham, Kent. Her husband, who was also an inmate of the workhouse, has left with her.

With a careless disregard of the fact that they were both practically destitute, the man and the woman, whose ages are respectively sixty-two and forty-nine, were married on December 11. The honeymoon was spent at the workhouse.

"Mrs. Wood," stated one of the workhouse officials yesterday, "seemed to find her greatest source of pleasure in tobacco. She smoked a clay pipe and would not have parted with it for anything. On being taxed with smoking in the workhouse she said: 'I cannot do without my pipe; I have smoked since I was a little girl.' She was told that she must either give up smoking or leave the workhouse. She elected to take the latter course and left with her husband."—London Daily Mail.

KEEP TRIBAL CUSTOMS

SARCEE INDIANS DISREGARD MARCH OF TIME.

History, Intended for Posterity, Still Is Recorded in Crude Fashion on the Hides of Steers—Old Men Tell of Adventures.

Within twelve miles of Calgary, a city of 50,000 people, and with telephone communication with that city, the Sarcee Indians pursue their lives and observe exactly as their forefathers did the ancient habits and customs of their tribe, says the Toronto Globe.

Two years ago there was a great festival at which seven of the oldest chiefs related the stories of their exploits, which the painter of the tribe preserved for posterity on two immense steer hides. These hides are now carefully preserved at the office of the agent on the Sarcee reserve.

Th Indian had relies for his history on campfire stories and a well-tanned steer hide covered with queer characters, painted crudely with a sort of ink made of the juices of plants.

These records are not haphazard, but they are not altogether regular. When several chiefs and medicine men of the tribe are growing old an assembly is arranged where the famous Indian interpreter and painter meets the aged men. One by one the old men stand forth before the people and recount the stories of their lives.

They tell thrilling tales of the battles in which they have fought, of the scalps taken, and the horses they have stolen. These three achievements are regarded as the three most honorable and valorous exploits of the great men. Compared with these the white man's election to parliament, his appointment to high office, and his great commercial achievements are as nothing.

Sometimes their meetings last several days. The old men are enthusiastic in their descriptions of bygone days; they recite rapidly and gesticulate much. The members of the tribe, sitting about them, listen eagerly, storing the details to be told over and over again to their son's sons, until they are tribal traditions of the long past. As they talk the painter sits upon the ground with his steer hide spread before him and paints with his rude dyes pictures to illustrate the incidents.

A circle represents a barricade or encampment; awkwardly drawn pictures of animals stand for the horses he has stolen; a galloping horse, with a man on his back, suggests the story of a wild flight across the prairie before pursuing enemies; a flag may mean a bloody battle won; a tadpole-like mark, a scalped Indian. The figures are very crude, the drawings no better than those a four-year-old child makes on its slate. But some ingenuity is exercised in the grouping, and each sketch is, in a way, a key to the thrilling tales which in time become history.

Dog Under Arrest.

A dog thief—not a dog stealer, but a dog which had been trained to steal—has been arrested by the French police. He was caught "en flagrant delit," we read, when he was in the act of stealing a pair of lady's shoes from an establishment in Noisy-le-Sec. His procedure was so cunning that it left no doubt among the police that the dog's was no "untutored mind."

Nothing could be drawn from the animal at the police office, so it was decided to shut him up without food. After some hours confinement the dog was released and a police cyclist was in readiness to follow the dog home. But the "best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."

The dog when liberated instead of rushing home deliberately walked to the other side of the road, and there sat down on a doorstep and awaited events, every now and again throwing suspicious glances at the police in waiting. Finding that there was no chance of the dog going home he was again taken into the police office and sent to the fourriere, where he met an untimely end.

American Airs.

A woman recently back from foreign parts has a grievance against the way in which military bands there play American airs, states the New York Press. To begin with, says this woman, two-thirds of the bands and orchestras of Europe think "Dixie" is the national air, and this mistake is not difficult to comprehend, as applause generally greets this tune. Next in popularity comes "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," and, strange to say, then comes "Old Dan Tucker."

No amount of expostulation avails to change this notion. "The Star Spangled Banner" is reserved for solemn occasions, and it must be confessed Americans are not wildly enthusiastic over it. Not one in a thousand remembers three lines of the verses, not even the school children who shout them every day. "Maryland" is popular, but the tune is that of the old Presbyterian hymn, "Beulah Land," and may be heard wherever Scotch and English folks gather.

Heard in a Newspaper Office.

"Honesty is the best policy."

"I wish I could believe it, but I have in mind the woman who sent in an advertisement reading like this: 'Wanted—A husband with money; object alimony.' Did she get an answer to her advertisement?" Not one."

SELECTED QUEER PETS

GRIZZLY BEAR CUBS TRAINED BY TRAPPER.

Amusing and Playful After Their Capturer Had Conquered the Call of the Wild—As Easy to Train As Any Dog.

One day while wandering in the pine woods on the slope of Mount Meeker I came upon two young grizzly bears. Though they dodged about as lively a chickens, I at last cornered them in a penlike pocket of fallen trees.

Getting them into a sack was one of the liveliest experiences I ever had. Though small and almost starved, these litle orphans proceeded to "chew me up" after the manner of big grizzlies; as is told of them in books. After an exciting chase and tussle I would catch one and thrust him into the sack. In resisting he would insert his claws into my clothes, or thrust them through the side of the sack; then, while I was trying to tear him loose, or to thrust him forcibly in, he would lay hold of a finger, or take a bite in my leg. Whenever he bit I at once dropped him, and then all began over again.

Their mother had been killed a few days before I found them; so, of course, they were famished and in need of a home; but so bitterly did they resist my efforts that I barely succeeded in taking them. Though hardly as large as a collie when he is at his prettiest, they were nimble athletes.

At last I started home, the sack over my shoulder, with these lively Ursus horribilis in the bottom of it. Their final demonstration was not needed to convince me of the extraordinary power of their jaws. Nevertheless, while going down a steep slope one managed to bite into my back through sack and clothes, so effectively that I responded with a yell. Then I fastened the sack at the end of a long pole, which I carried across my shoulder, and I was able to travel the remainder of the distance to my cabin without another attack in the rear.

Of course the youngsters did not need to be taught to eat. I simply pushed their noses down into a basin of milk, and the little red tongues at once began to ply; then raw eggs and bread were dropped into the basin. There was no hesitation between courses; they simply gobbled the food as long as I kept it before them.

Jenny and Johnny were pets before sundown. Though both were alert, Johnny was the wiser and more cheerful of the two. He took training as readily as a collie or shepherd dog, and I have never seen any dog more playful. All bears are keen of wit, but he was the brightest one of the wild folk that I have ever known. He grew rapidly, and ate me almost out of supplies. We were intimate friends in less than a month, and I spent much time playing and talking with him. One of the first things I taught him was, when hungry, to stand erect with arms extended almost horizontally, with palms forward. I also taught him to greet me in this manner.—From the Spell of the Rockies, by Enos A. Mills.

Craig's Crazes.

Gordon Craig, who interlards his sapient utterances with more than the average man's nonsensical lapses, perpetrates this:

"I take an entirely common sense view of the man and his motives. He simply succeeded in performing in two months a task that has been tried in every court in Europe for centuries. He set out to cleanse social and official life of its moral grime and its degeneracy. He set about his task with direct purpose, and with the full enthusiasm of a young, virile, and cruelly wronged man. His ideas were logical, and he reasoned and thought out every movement and act during that brief time of storm and stress that ended in tragedy. That is my idea of Hamlet."

Apropos of which the Nation tartly remarks:

"If that really is Mr. Craig's notion of Hamlet, there does not seem to be much reason why he should be encouraged to promulgate it. What fatality is it that condemns so many enthusiastic stage reformers to be freakish?"

Beneficent Scheme.

Mr. Spotcash (at the club)—Doing anything for your employes this winter?

Mr. Maynchants—I'm going to give every man, woman and child in my shops a pleasant surprise next month.

Mr. Spotcash—Glad to hear it. What's the scheme?

Mr. Maynchants—You know the month comes in on Thursday, and this is a leap year. Well, I'm going to make Thursday the pay-day for a few weeks, so they'll have five pay-days in February. It'll tickle 'em most to death.

A Fine Model.

"It is doubtful," said the author of entertaining sea stories, "whether a man ought to attempt to write things outside of his personal observation."

"But take your own case. You are writing of pirates, yet you never saw one."

"No. I never saw one. But when I want to write a good description of a pirate, I shut my eyes and think of my publisher."

Cooking the 'Possum.

Mayor Bryan Callaghan of San Antonio, Tex., is very fond of 'possum and is particular about the way it is prepared for the table. He gives the following directions:

"Never plunge a 'possum into boiling water. That hardens the flesh and makes it tough. First bleed the 'possum, and after it is drawn immerse it in a pot of cold water and bring the water to a boil. After being parboiled for a reasonable time, take it out, put some laurel leaves, a little oil and some chili peppers inside it and pack in ice and put aside for a day or two.

"When ready to be cooked, put it into a bake pan and surround with sweet potatoes, brown to a turn and you have a dish that is about as delicious as any that can be prepared."

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

Petitions and Applications for license for hotels, eating houses, wholesale, and retail liquor dealers, with or without other goods, and bottlers and brewers, at the June Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, May 13, A. D. 1912.

HOTEL LICENSES.

Bradford City—First Ward.

T. F. Connecly, Connecly Hotel, No. 18 Mechanic street, residence same.

A. W. Eyebrant, United States Hotel, Nos. 19-21 Mechanic street, residence same.

James W. Leasure, St. James Hotel, Nos. 2, 4, 6, and 8 South avenue, residence No. 80 Boylston street.

S. E. Cooney, Capitol Hotel, Nos. 46 and 48 Main street, residence same.

Frank P. Holley, Hotel Holley, at northwest corner of Main and Davis streets, residence same.

C. E. Hurley, Bay State Hotel, Nos. 84 and 86 Main street, residence same.

John P. Ronan, Union House, Nos. 142 to 150 Main street, residence same.

R. F. McBride, Option House, No. 41 Main street, residence same.

M. P. McCarthy, Willard Hotel, Nos. 134 and 136 Main street, residence same.

John Becker, Industry Hotel, Nos. 17 and 19 Davis street, residence same.

Patrick Mulqueen, Mansion House, Nos. 5 and 7 Mechanic street, residence same.

Charles O. Gask, Hotel Weaver, Nos. 87 and 89 Main street, residence No. 105 Davis street.

A. C. Stengel, Corry House, Nos. 19-20 Webster street, residence same.

John McCaffrey, Oil City House, Nos. 122-124 Main street, residence same.

Fred Heilbringer, Black Bear Hotel, Nos. 14 and 16 Pine street, residence same.

Bradford City—Third Ward.

Jacob Brendel, Aiken House, Nos. 15 and 17 W. Washington street, residence same.

J. T. O'Donnell, City Hotel, No. 45 Mechanic street, residence No. 136 Pleasant street.

Bradford City—Fifth Ward.

E. A. Hathaway, Rochester Hotel, Nos. 211-213 Main street, residence same.

Bradford City—Sixth Ward.

Frank G. Kleff, The American House, No. 444 East Main street, residence same.

Eldred Borough.

C. C. Lewis, St. Elmo Hotel, S. W. corner of Main and Depot streets, residence Eldred Borough.

Fred Stickman, Central Hotel, at the east side of Main street, between High and King streets, residence Eldred Borough.

Thomas J. Slavin, Gold Eagle Hotel, at the northeast corner of Depot and Railroad streets, residence Eldred Borough.

Foster Township.

E. S. Harvey, New City Hotel, corner of Bradford and Smethport road and Plank Road Highway, residence New City.

Hamlin Township.

Fred John Block, Eckhart House, on south side of Main street, Hazelhurst, P. residence Hazelhurst.

Emerson Eddy, Hotel Hazel, corner Main street and Cleveland avenue, north side of Main street, Hazelhurst, residence Hazelhurst.

Kane Borough—First Ward.

Stephen Barrett, Jr., Windsor Hotel Nos. 17, 19 and 21 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Dawson P. Crowe, Kane House, Nos. 153, 155 and 157 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Joseph Bastian, New Arlington Hotel No. 15 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

P. W. Durkin, Beasley Hotel, No. 12 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

N. A. Nelson, Hotel LaMont, Nos. 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Peter F. Young, New Fleming Hotel Nos. 93-97 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

W. W. Swalley and Martin H. Grost Griffin Hotel, Nos. 75 and 77 Fraley street residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

Lawrence C. Bissell, New Centennia Hotel, Nos. 60, 62 and 64 Fraley street residence Kane borough.

John O'Malley, Alpha, No. 22 Fleid street, residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Third Ward.

John Fleming, New Thompson House Nos. 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Fourth Ward.

C. F. Hearst, St. Elmo Hotel, Nos. 162 164, 166 and 168 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Lafayette Township.

William Doyle, Mountain House, Marshburg, north side of public highway leading from Marshburg to Bradford, residence Marshburg.

James Mahoney, Butts House, Mount Alton, cor. of road leading from Mount Alton to Buttsville and road to Riderville, residence Mt. Alton.

Lewis Run Borough.

Peter V. Flavin, The Bradford House, north side of Main street, residence Lewis Run.

Mount Jewett Borough.

Francis L. Campbell, Campbell House, on south side of Main street, being Lot No. 20 east on Main street, residence Mount Jewett.

E. C. Cleveland, Brower House, south side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett.

E. W. Long, The Commercial Hotel, south side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett.

Otto Township.

Frank A. Butts, Duke House, Duke Center, northeast corner of Main and Bradford streets residence Duke Center.

Port Allegany Borough.

Joseph M. Butler, Butler House, corner of Main and Mill streets, residence Port Allegany.

M. P. Reilley, Sartwell House, corner of Railroad avenue, N. side of Mill street, residence Port Allegany.

Elmer Cutler, Connolly House, Nos. 5 and 7 Pearl street, residence Port Allegany.

Samuel St. Clair, New St. Clair House, west side of Pearl street, near Railroad depot, residence Port Allegany.

Mary Ellen Connolly, City Hotel, W. side of Pearl street, residence Port Allegany.

Sergeant Township.

John L. Smith, Bayer House, on the right side of Penna. R. R. leading from Smethport to Clermont, Clermont, residence Clermont.

Frederick J. Sillies, Clermont House, north corner of Pine street and Main Highway, residence Clermont.

Smethport Borough.

John O. Dodge and Frank L. Sherburne, Wright House, corner of Main and Mechanic streets, residence Smethport borough.

M. S. Geary, Hotel Imperial, corner of Main & Fulton streets, No. 101 Main street, residence Smethport borough.

James McGuire, Grand Central Hotel, south side of West Main street, residence Smethport borough.

Fred L. McCrary, Cottage House, corner of Water and Fulton streets, residence Smethport borough.

Thomas H. Purtle, Commercial Hotel, corner of Main & Franklin streets, residence Smethport borough.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LICENSES WITH OR WITHOUT OTHER GOODS.

Bradford City—First Ward.

Charles H. Brown, No. 138 Main street, residence No. 193 Congress street.

A. M. Mayer and M. Rolland, doing business as A. Mayer & Company, No. 130 Main street, residence Bradford city.

Lewis Brown, No. 3 Mechanic street, residence Bradford city.

Saul Werthman, No. 98 Main street, residence No. 42 Boylston street.

Kane Borough—First Ward.

John Dolan, No. 81 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

George W. Berry, No. 138 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

John E. Healey, No. 72 Fraley street, residence Kane borough.

Lewis Run Borough.

John H. Douglas, Lewis Run, at the northeast intersection of Main street and the Lafayette Road, residence No. 1150 Davis street, Bradford city.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Charles Lunden, north side of Main street, residence Mt. Jewett.

Port Allegany Borough.

John L. Bayer, west side of Pearl street, residence Port Allegany.

Smethport Borough.

Fred H. Huntsville, south side of Main street in Square No. 82, residence Smethport.

LICENSE TO BOTTLE AND VEND MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

James W. Bedeaux, Independent Bottling Works, No. 56 Mechanic street, residence Bradford City.

Eldred Borough.

E. R. Tanner, north side of Elm street, residence Eldred borough.

Hamlin Township.

W. L. Studley, Hazelhurst, east side of Randall street, Lot No. 10, residence Hazelhurst.

LICENSE TO BREW, MANUFACTURE, VEND AND SELL MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS AT WHOLESALE.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

The Bradford Brewing Company, Wm. Hanley, President, Robert Bauer, Treasurer, Nos. 16-26 Fourth street, its present address is Bradford, Pa.

All licenses must be lifted the day preceding the commencement of the term of said license or the same will be void.

FRANK R. FOSTER,
Clerk.

Smethport, Pa., April 22, 1912.

Automobile Bargains

We have the largest stock of Used and Second-hand Automobiles in Western New York

Oaklands, Oldsmobiles, Cadillacs, Reos, Hudsons, Fords, Stoddard-Daytons, Regals, Maxwells, Buicks, Peerless, Overlands and Many Others

TOURING CARS
FOUR, FIVE AND SEVEN-PASSENGER.

RUNABOUTS
TWO AND THREE-PASSENGER.

Trucks and Delivery Cars
1,000 LBS. UP

ALL MAKES -- ALL MODELS
Thoroughly overhauled, refinished and ready to demonstrate

PRICES RIGHT
Free Bulletins issued every two weeks, giving description of all cars and prices
GET ON OUR MAILING LIST AT ONCE
IT SAVES YOU MONEY

CENTAUR MOTOR COMPANY
59 FRANKLIN ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.